PEACE AND ECONOMIC ILLITERACY . . . By Norman Angell

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Franz Werfel
Reviewed by Irwin Edman

"ROAD TO THE OCEAN"
by Leonid Leonov
Reviewed by Robert Pick

"WOMEN AND MEN"
by Amram Scheinfeld
Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt

"ANATOLE FRANCE"
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"GREAT SOLDIERS OF WORLD WAR II"
by Major H. A. DeWeerd
Reviewed by Brig.-Gen. Donald Armstrong

"THE GREEN YEARS"
by A. J. Cronin
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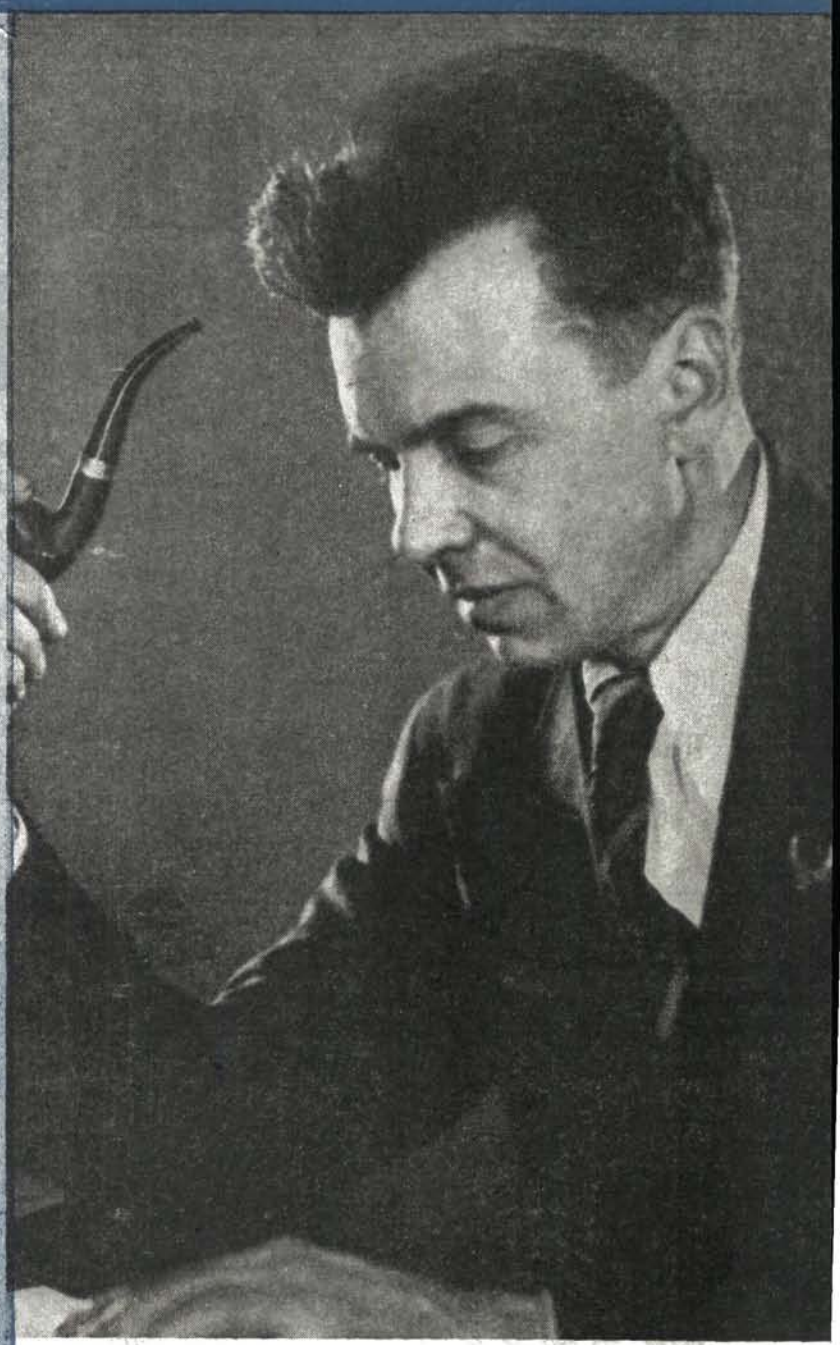

—*Sovfoto*

LEONID LEONOV "dissects human beings down to their last fibre and yet loves them in the depth of their errors and crimes." (See page 11)

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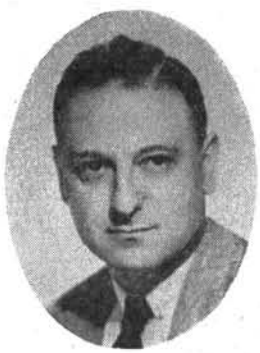

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Ruth Gruber

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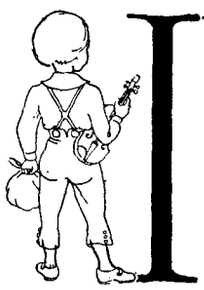
For young music lovers



It is our conviction, based on one of our happier publishing experiences, that we are becoming a nation of musical literates. Gone are the days when a household's music consisted of persuading the piano in the parlor to yield up *A Maiden's Prayer*, a few hymn tunes and ballads and very little else. The radio and phonograph industries have seen to it that boys and girls grow up hearing and liking all kinds of music, and making up their own minds pretty positively about it. It's no longer astonishing to hear a youngster whistling a theme of Schubert's as he ambles down the street, nor is it very difficult to find Wagnerians, Mozartians and Tschaikowskiites among our teen-age friends.

These are the new music-lovers, and for them Henry Holt and Company began a few years ago a series of biographies of composers. It started as a book-by-book project—nothing large-scale. We have tried to find the right people to do the right books, and that takes time and patience. We're now rather pleased to discover that we have a sizable and successful list, which we refer to affectionately as "the musical biographies". The list may look somewhat casual, jumping from the 17th to the 20th centuries, and exhibiting serious gaps, but some day not too far in the future it will be filled in fairly solidly, right up to *Shostakovich*. Meanwhile every book represents a thorough and enthusiastic job on the part of the writer and the most painstaking editorial care on ours.

The "equipment" of the books is rather special. At the end of the full-length biography, written for the 12-to-16-year-old adult, is not only the conventional index but a chronological table of the composer's life, a parallel table of musical events of his time, and another of world events.

Thus, in BRAHMS, THE MASTER you see by the tables that in 1889, when the city of Hamburg bestowed honorary citizenship on Brahms, he completed his violin and piano Sonata in D Minor. This was also the year in which Franck wrote the D Minor Symphony, Tolstoi and Browning died, Hitler was born, Benjamin Harrison was inaugurated President of the United States, the Johnstown flood occurred, and the Eiffel Tower was opened.

There is also a complete opus list in every book, and a list of all available recordings of the composer's works. As new printings of the books are made, their record listings are revised. Sometimes we devise something particular, as in the case of the newest book on the list, TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS: THE STORY OF JOHANN STRAUSS. In the back of the book are several pages showing opening bars of all the familiar Strauss waltzes, which anyone with the merest eye for a musical line and shape can identify. This is the only biography of Johann Strauss now in print in America, and the only book in English to contain the entire Strauss opus list, a matter of some 500 compositions.

For these special features, and for the reason that the books are never "written down", adults with musical leanings find them interesting. They are probably the handiest place to find so much conveniently assembled information on a particular composer. But the boys and girls are the people we publish them for, and from them we get the sincerest tokens of reader appreciation. The other day a friend of ours told us that her twelve-year-old nephew had proclaimed Madeleine Goss's SCHUBERT to be his favorite book next to A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN. That's catholicity of taste, and we think the young man is already embarked on an interesting career of enjoying himself.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Peace and Economic Illiteracy

NORMAN ANGELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of *two articles dealing with the problems —economic and political—of the coming peace. Next week Mr. Angell discusses books emphasizing the political aspects of the coming peace.*

IT is sometimes the habit of editors these days to send a reviewer a round dozen books—which may have appeared in as many days—having reference to the international situation, and to ask him to select those which are significant, and review them. This puts up to the unfortunate reviewer a painful job of selection. A reviewer needs to be very complacent indeed to condemn any book as of no significance, if only because the bad ones are often more important than the good, important as indicating, it may be, prevailing fallacies or confusions which should be dispelled. If the fallacies of the inter-war period had been exploded by effective criticism, we might not now be in the midst of a second world war. Apart from that consideration, the sheer weight and number of new books on various aspects of the international problem raises an old, old question. How can the millions of busy, preoccupied, non-expert, lay citizens, who in one way or another are to give the final verdict, profit by the wisdom, or be warned by the folly, of books produced in such quantities? Obviously the voters cannot read more than a tiny fraction. Yet, unless somehow the essence of this debate reaches the public, we may see repeated the tragedy of the twenties when the peoples so often opposed governments when the latter were right and supported them when wrong. (As witness the repudiation of the Wilson policies and the later proposals, in Britain and the United States, to dispose of the Reparations and Debts problem.)

This is not to charge the peoples with any inherent political folly or incapacity. The real lesson of the Wilson episode is not that a high-minded statesman, deeply desirous to do the wise thing, found himself frustrated by the malice of electorates or the avarice of selfish vested interests. Rather was the explanation that so many became immersed in a mass of minor issues that the first and vital things were obscured. The confusion precipitated a boredom with the dull problem of international adjustments, a boredom largely also the outcome of the emotional let-down which necessarily follows a period of warlike excitement. When the shooting finished the public in this country at least, as Mr. Sumner Welles has so well said, just did not deem the international issue of any real importance and wanted to get back to the old familiar "normalcy."

The late Raymond Clapper used to say that one should be careful never to underestimate the intelligence of the public and never to overestimate their knowledge. But it's a little more complicated than that. The division between "knowing" and "understanding" has to be taken into account. The spectacle of the German academic world seems to indicate that sometimes the more a man learns the less he understands. (One thinks of the "ignorance" of Lincoln compared with the erudition of that army of German professors who were so ready to support the Hitlerite philosophy.)

—*By Brown in the* Akron *(Ohio)* Beacon Journal.
"The masterpiece begins to take shape."

In the inter-war years something on the order of ten thousand books have been written concerning the cause and cure of war. The result, if polls are to be believed (perhaps they are not), was this! Twenty years after the repudiation of Wilson, after, that is, all the battles about the League and the reservations, and the treaties and settlements and disarmament, and the British debts and the coming of a second world war and Lend-Lease and the third term election—after it all—forty per cent of the American public did not know whether the United States had joined the League or not; fifty per cent did not know whether the Irish Free State was fighting in this war or not. How explain the paradox of a mountain of literature on this subject and the failure of those multitudes who will have the last word on it to acquire even the alphabet?

THESE difficulties are illustrated particularly in the book of Herbert Feis* dealing with the economics of peace and war. Here is an admirable treatise, clear, balanced, deeply informed, unprejudiced, a veritable model in its field. But the tragedy is that for much of the public which will finally decide these matters—the public of harassed housewives, tired miners, bored stenographers, redcaps, surgeons, chemists, technicians, absorbed, each in his own special task—for such a public, as Walter Lippmann remarked of the Bretton Woods report, it might almost as well have been written in Greek. Not that the book is involved or difficult (it is singularly clear) but because the big public has not learned even the meaning of the words an economist is obliged to use.

That is no necessary ignorance. The educational systems designed for the millions have never even pretended to grapple with the problem of the

**THE SINEWS OF PEACE. By Herbert Feis. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 271 pp. $2.50.*

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economic three r's. We have thought it necessary in Britain and the United States to give our children a strange assortment of knowledge, from the rotundity and rotation of the earth to what the little George Washington did with his little hatchet; from the rules governing languages which died a thousand years ago to certain odd facts in botany or zoölogy, from the number of King Solomon's wives to the structure of the atom. But about the most indispensable, the most powerful, and frequently used of all the devices of our daily lives, the money in our pockets and in our banks, about which the voter directly or indirectly is called upon to make vital and far-reaching decisions—about that, most of us are taught broadly just nothing whatever. It is something which our popular education neglects to such degree that, unless the voter has passed through a university and taken economics, he is not likely to have heard one word about it from the day he enters school to the day he leaves. With the result that not one average voter in a thousand is able to distinguish clearly between a policy which is inflationary and another which is deflationary in its effects; or, indeed, what inflation or deflation means. One recalls with painful vividness that a big proportion of the British House of Commons memorialized Mr. Lloyd George to the effect that he was to compel Germany to pay vast sums in reparations but to see that she did not increase her foreign trade; that newspapers with circulations running into untold millions clamored for years on end that Britain should be made to pay her war debts and that the tariff should be raised to keep out her goods.

SOME of Mr. Feis's important and useful conclusions are likely to be entirely missed owing to this economic illiteracy of the public. At one point, he elaborates the truth that "the size of our import trade will ultimately determine the strength of all our other economic links with other countries," and that "to the degree that imports are increased will the national income be enlarged by foreign trade." How many of Shaw's "average stockbrokers" are going to believe this? Yet not only is it the truth, but a self-evident truth. If we could so devise our foreign trade that no foreign goods whatever should come into the country and no foreign services should be accepted, it is obvious that nothing would be added to the country's wealth. But tell the average "hard-headed business man" that the whole purpose of foreign trade from the point of view of the nation as a whole is to get the largest possible amount of foreign goods and services and he will declare with complete conviction that you are talking academic nonsense and that he "knows" better. The meaning of economic interdependence has still to be explained to the world.

—*By Williams in the* Detroit Free Press.
"Safer than one Atlas."

Is it seriously suggested that our education is incapable of enabling its victims to see the self-evident?

Mr. Feis's book is full of suggestive conclusions and aphorisms worth noting, particularly those which push home the point that economic problems cannot be considered in watertight compartments; that they are inextricably related to the political issues of our times: "If peace is uncertain and suspicions rife, nations will devote themselves to the search for security irrespective of economic consequences."

"International finance . . . may be a good counselor and servant or a poor one, but is rarely the conspirator that its enemies have made it out, and it cannot be the magician its enthusiasts long for."

"When economic thought turns rebellious and is bent upon the total reconstruction of society, all previous observation is discarded as an irrelevant record of the operation of evil institutions; the reasoning tends to proceed on the basis of facts which exist only in the realm of prophecy or hope."

Would that there were space for more. But read the book.

One other book, "New Perspectives on Peace," * has been included in this category of economics in relation to war, because of its chapter on "The Economic Problem," by Jacob Viner. Other chapters in this same book include the geographical, the historical, the ethnological, the sociological, the legal, the educational, the psychological, and religious problems, and are well worth attention. But Mr. Viner's chapter is selected for attention here because it crosses the t's and dots the i's concerning the relation of capitalism and capitalists to war in a way which has long needed doing. Ever since the last war the thinking of so many progressives the world over has been twisted, and the whole approach to the problem of peace much bedevilled by that type of Marxism which insists that war in the modern world springs from "the contradictions of capitalism," from capitalism as a system, or even from the machinations of investors, munition makers, bankers, exercising pressure on governments in order to make profits themselves. Mr. Viner describes this as the "scandal theory." Perhaps a better term would be "the plot theory," since it is based on the idea that war has been let loose upon the world as the result of evil machinations on the part of certain of "the ruling class," who were supposed to profit by it. For some obscure psychological reasons, this idea had immense attractions for the inter-war generation, particularly for the youngsters. It contributed very largely to making clear thought about war all but impossible. The part played by the international anarchy, by the motives behind isolationism (not peculiar to America), the attitudes deeply rooted in nationalism, xenophobia, and need for a revised scale of moral and social values were

* *THE NEW PERSPECTIVES ON PEACE. Edited by George de Huszar. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1944. 261 pp. $2.50.*

Pin-Up Girl

By Edith Lovejoy Pierce

MODERN Astarte is your paper flame,
Leg, arm and breast, and grin without a name.
Idol not made of wood or stone, but born
Of substance easily defaced and torn.
She winds about you her ephemeral hex,
This geometric synthesis of sex,
This photographic splash of primal sin
Stuck to your slow desire by a pin.

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all largely ignored. Your Marxist of the 1920-40 vintage insisted that war had little to do with the failure of general political judgment on the part of the public; that there was no need to induce the peoples as a whole to examine their motives and nationalist instincts, to acquire a new sense of responsibility—all this had little importance. All that really mattered was to hunt the witches in the shape of bankers or munition makers and to destroy the old economic order.

Of late years an increasing number of economists and sociologists have turned their attention to exploding this mischievous nonsense, so that now it is no longer fashionable, as it used to be. Incidentally, the University of Chicago seems to have made a particularly useful contribution. In addition to this contribution of Jacob Viner, Eugene Staley has done yeoman service in his books on "Foreign Investment and War" and "The Private Investor"; while the pamphlet recently published by the University, "Capitalist War-Mongers, A Modern Superstition," by Walter Sulzbach, is a very useful bit of debunking. Grover Clark of Columbia University, Lionel Robbins in England, Leopold Schwarzchild, Friedrich Hayek, Gustav Stolper, Manya Gordon have all done their bit to expose this dangerous myth. One can only regret that their correctives were not applied a little earlier. The witch theory is seldom now advanced, but it played an enormous role just after the last war, and helped to defeat the efforts of the Wilsons in every country by setting up a sort of semi-conscious alliance between the extreme Left and the extreme Right. Both sought scapegoats rather than causes, the Left providing the bankers and capitalists, and the Right the foreigners.

Mr. Roderick Peattie's book, "Look to the Frontiers," * may be included in the list of contributions to the economic discussion as a particularly readable and attractive presentation of the geographical aspect. Unless we have a geographical basis for our thinking about the world we can hardly be said to have a real basis at all. His chapter on "The Life and Death of Geopolitics" may interest those who have been puzzled by the geopoliticians, and it will help clear thinking.

Henry Carpenter's book, "Peace Through Coöperation," ** entangles a good deal too closely the mechanics of industrial coöperation and a certain religious point of view; but coöperators will find it interesting.

LOOK TO THE FRONTIERS. By Roderick Peattie. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 246 pp. $3.

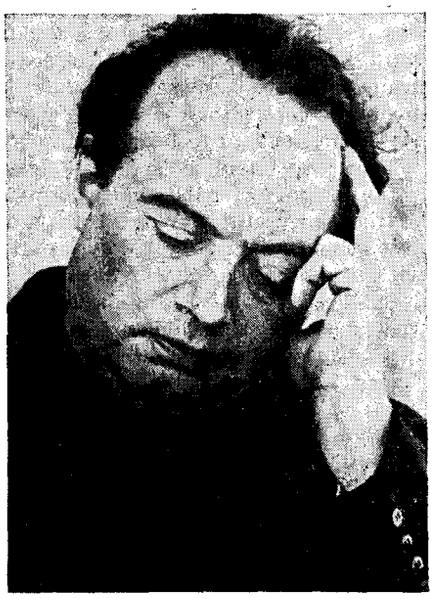
***PEACE THROUGH CO-OPERATION. By J. Henry Carpenter. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 246 pp. $3.*

What Price Mysticism?

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH. By Franz Werfel. New York: Philosophical Library. 1944. 252 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

PERHAPS this will not quite properly be a review, in the sense of a special and exclusive consideration of Franz Werfel's new nonfiction work. (If a work can be called new that consists for half of its pages of three lectures given in Germany and Austria over a decade ago.) I fear I shall not be able to resist treating this volume of Mr. Werfel's as an alarming symptom of a dangerous dis-



—*Edith Schlesinger*

Franz Werfel

ease, not only in him but in many of the most distinguished—or popular—writers of the present era. The disease is infectious, and it seems to be a grave matter for the welfare of the whole intellectual community. The illness I should call *religiosity,* and I use that term to distinguish it from religion (which is arguably not a malady at all).

Religiosity is the malaise that seems to assail many men of letters in middle life or later, a failure of nerve which they identify with the access of spiritual insight and vision. The symptoms are nearly always the same, and may be observed in such different writers and in such different forms as Aldous Huxley and even in so clear a mind as Somerset Maugham's. The onset of the attack is marked by a distrust of scientific method and a contempt for the secular world, and an insistence that there is no meaning in life, or order discoverable in existence, save in mystical or in supernatural terms. There are other symptoms—in Werfel, for instance, a tone of the reformed sinner. "I, too, was a believer once in science, progress, etc. But I have seen the light." There is a tone, specifically in Werfel's book, too, of accusation against those "nihilists" who have not seen the light.

This whole phenomenon of the writer turned mystical and intransigeant preacher and self-appointed philosophical moralist is of considerable contemporary importance. Franz Werfel has a very wide reputation as a novelist, he has been in his day an accomplished and more than accomplished story teller, he has a true narrative gift of a very high order. His latest narratives, "Embezzled Heaven" and "The Song of Bernadette," have, however, owed part of their popularity at least to the spiritual lesson they taught by image and illustration in a story. They were, if not the handbooks, the story books of faith. They were moving to many who were not Catholics or those perhaps on the verge of becoming Catholics. They were attractive to many besides who had felt a bleakness in the billiard-ball physics, the mechanical conceptions of nature and life that had gained currency in the nineteenth century and, though no longer at all dominant in physics, are still identified in the popular mind with naturalism and materialism. Werfel's novels and analogous works of fiction by others have been persuasive, too, to those who in a world of violence and chaos have wearied of the apparently exploded belief in progress, and have sought escape to a world of eternity where there could not be disillusion, as there could always be in a world of time.

During and after the last war, too, there was a great vogue of a special kind of escape literature, escape into the world of the hereafter or of the supernatural. The present writer remembers reviewing in 1918 a volume entitled "The New Death," which I recall complaining about in some of the same terms in which I am now complaining about Werfel's dismissal of the hope of progress, of the human uses of sciences, even its spiritual uses, and of his admonitions of a flight of the imagination, at any rate in the book before us, into a mystically, or rather vaguely, defined realm of faith. For Herr Werfel now presents us not with an image or an illustration. He sets before us three philosophical essays, and a fourth section, a collection of aphorisms, some of them two pages long. To understand the tone of these the reader must understand the curious moral status attained by writers

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in Germany a generation ago, to which we are a little unaccustomed in this country. The celebrated writer becomes in the public imagination a semi-official lay preacher. He lectured on cosmic themes. He became the Dichter, the Poet with a capital P, Man of Letters, Philosopher. There is a long tradition of that sort in Germany, of which Goethe is the fountainhead. German and Austrian writers since Goethe's day have not been able to resist putting on the philosophical toga.

Half of Werfel's book consists of these lectures that, as he tells in the preface, he gave frequently as lectures in Germany and Austria during the days of the Weimar Republic. He tells us also, what would be clear from internal evidence, that he has not modified their oratorical character. They are still speeches. The temper of these "polemics," as Werfel himself calls them, is well revealed by the first paragraph of his foreword:

> The four chapters of this book are four chapters of a lengthy battle. This battle was and is being waged against a certain all-powerful and all-dominating state of mind designated in the following pages by the various terms of which "naturalistic nihilism" is probably the clearest and aptest. I, the author of these polemics, was certainly not born far from the state of mind of naturalistic nihilism, but, so to speak, in its very bosom. As a son of the European liberal middle class, I grew up and was educated in the spirit of humanitarian autonomy and assurance of progress, in the naive nursery faith in world improvement through science, in deeply skeptical negation of metaphysical, religious, not to speak of mystical thinking and feeling, and in the most fatal confounding of liberty with moral anarchy.

THE whole of this book seems to me to celebrate and extend the smug assumptions and the confused conclusions of the above passage. When a writer begins to set forth a philosophy (or a religion), even with such sincere and impassioned motives as Werfel does, he is to be held responsible intellectually. Franz Werfel nowhere takes the trouble to show that a naturalistic point of view necessarily is *"nihilistic"* in character. He says "poetry" (and God) cured him of naturalism, but one of the great naturalistic philosophers of our day is not one whit less poetic or spiritual-minded than Werfel, namely Santayana. There is nothing on the face of it "nursery" in the faith that intelligent use of our scientific resources may improve the human estate. To deny the supernatural in being, or the mystical efficacy of mysticism in thought, is not by any means to be "negative." Indeed, one of the classic names for a philosophy that denies the supernaturalism or at least does not find it necessary to assume it, is positivism. It is Herr Werfel, not scientific-minded thinkers, who "confuses liberty with moral anarchy."

The succeeding lectures, (the three lectures occupy about half of the book) are on a similar level of confusion. And there are more undocumented *obiter dicta* than I have read in any responsible writer in many a moon. "At the basis of play is the feeling that we are children of God. Only when we are assured of eternal perfection, do we grow aware of our own imperfection." *Really,* now! "Accordingly, if we look at the external world and take thoughtful, symbolic, and consistent account of its phenomena, then God is the first premise of this account, regardless of whether we confess him or not. . . ." Once a man has lost his empty naturalistic *ersatz* faith he will be permitted to penetrate to his innermost self, that is, to the perception of the Divine which is waiting for him to hearken unto it.

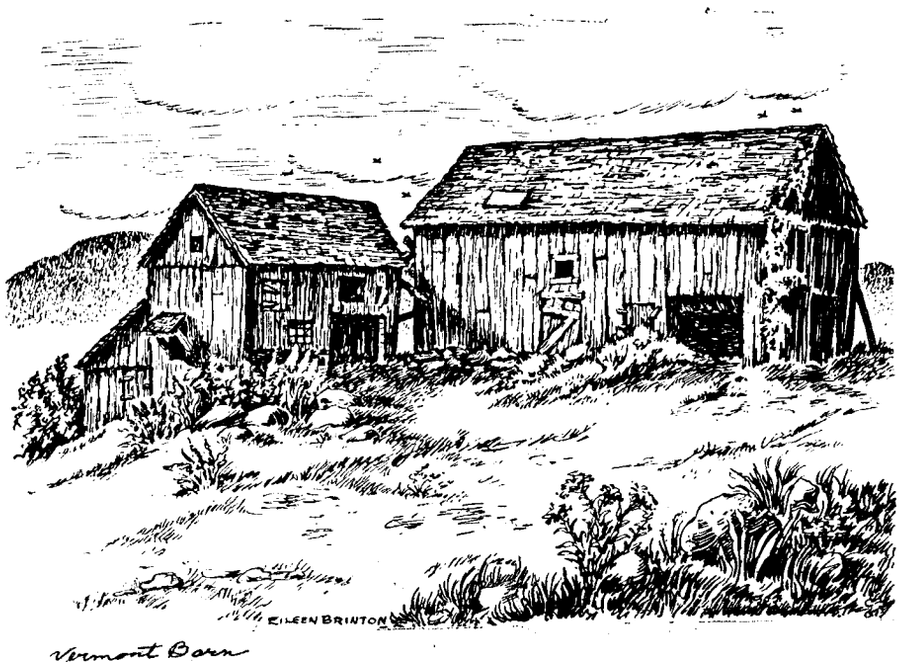
This essay of mine is not intended to dismiss out of hand the hypothesis of the supernatural. What I do protest about is the unctuous way, utterly without reasoned argument, with which Herr Werfel dismisses any naturalistic viewpoint as either impossible or vicious, and with easy arrogance assumes that, in a world conceived without a supernatural, there is no possibility for poetry, morality, or wisdom. Lucretius, Spinoza, Hobbes, John Stuart Mill, Dewey, and Santayana are there, among others, to confute him. For all the solemn tone of this book, I think it is trivial intellectually, and for all its use of the language of spirituality, spiritually repellent. It commits on almost every page, often in the language of humility, the sin, well known to theologians, of spiritual pride.

I have little to say about the half of the book which consists of aphorisms, apothegems, and short meditations. It may be the fault of the translator. I suspect *part* of it is. It is filled with such debatable, or perhaps meaningless, sentences as the following: "The victory of the scientific mind results from the fact that it eliminates all feelings of guilt." Or such a pathetic fallacy as the following, "The Spring has two wishes, to make it happy; that we drink of it and that we look at it while drinking."

And there is a constant obsession with a parody version of naturalistic thought *e.g.,* "Materialistic thinking is nothing else than organized emptiness of spirit."

A tradition as old in thought as Democritus is not disposed of by such pronunciamentos. The hope of progress, the faith in human intelligence, are not so easily dismissed. And when a man of letters sets out to be a moral teacher, he should be a little less vaporous at least than these shockingly confused pages. At least, if one is going to defend the faith, one should be St. Thomas or at least Cardinal Newman in the direction of one's intellectual clarity. A writer of Franz Werfel's wide sympathy, moreover, should be a little more wary of treating with such contempt views of the world held by thinkers past and present, next to whom, for all his novelistic talents, Herr Werfel is the veriest tyro, as these amateurish pages of his abundantly prove.

I began by saying that this was to be not so much a review of Franz Werfel's book (though it has turned out to be one), as a notation of the symptoms of a widespread disease among understandably frightened and chastened intellectuals. The events of



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the past years are sufficient surely to frighten and chasten the most bumptious and the most callous. But they should not be sufficient to frighten educated men out of their wits, or to ask them at this time when the reconstruction of mankind is at stake suddenly to declare the bankruptcy of human nature, of science, of human hope. It was, I think, Condillac in prison before the French Revolution who could write a book envisaging the future hopes of mankind. Nihilism indeed! The real nihilist is the one who looking at human nature and at all existence finds it *nothingness* and must look beyond the facts before his eyes to another world to give this life a meaning.

Dante: Boy and Man

THE WANDERER. By Nathan Schachner. New York: Appleton-Century. 1944. 334 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE Wanderer is Dante Alghieri, whom Mr. Schachner has placed at the center of a historical novel of thirteenth century Italy. It is a tribute to Mr. Schachner's capacities as a historian that the novel does not depend upon the character of Dante for its vitality. If it did there might be less to say for it—Dante was a literary genius, and the re-creation of a literary genius is in itself a task of heroic proportions beyond the genius of Mr. Schachner. The man who wrote the "Divine Comedy" was of necessity a more complex and powerful figure than this simple, amiable Dante who grows before us, from the age of nine to his declining years. We behold his first meeting with Beatrice at a childhood party, and the development of his unearthly love for her, given voice first in the typical amorous minstrelsy of the day, then in the great allegory of his maturity. It is much like a hundred other sublimated romances, save that no one could speak with the poetic voice of Dante.

On the other hand, Mr. Schachner has set his Dante in a Renaissance tapestry that is at once crowded and clearly visible. We see the dominant families of the day battling in the streets of an anarchic land, the struggles between Pope and nobles, Dante's part in the flourishing independence of Florence, and his eventual banishment from that city. The other characters do have a life of their own, and form a live and stirring segment of historical pattern. Mr. Schachner has made good use of his historic research, even if he has not been able to complete the portrait of his central figure.

Against a Russian Canvas

ROAD TO THE OCEAN. By Leonid Leonov. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1944. 510 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

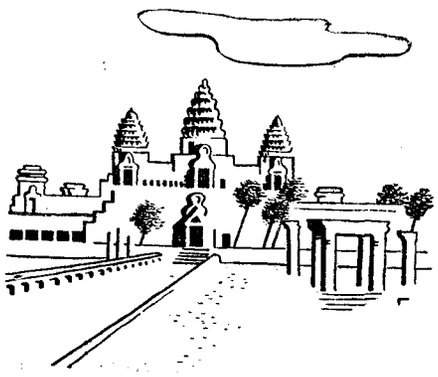
"YOU don't understand me, Alexei," one of the major characters of this gigantic novel says to its protagonist, "I want to get at the very root of our history."

"You are a queer duck," Alexei Nikitch Kurilov snaps back. "Look for them in the general economic development."

"But I want to know what the people themselves were doing while your economy was developing. . . ."

Who would not share Aliosha Peresypkin's desire to "know what the people themselves were doing" who have formed the raw material—and at the same time the tool—of the Soviet experiment? But who, on the other hand, would not have been disappointed, these past years, when he tried to gain such knowledge by turning to the medium allegedly suited best to convey it—the novel? Of all recent Russian novels published in this country it was, strangely enough, the book of a Russian émigrée, Miss Almedingen's "Frossia," which (in this reviewer's opinion) succeeded best in lifting an inch or two of the curtain veiling "what the people themselves were doing" in Soviet Russia. An artist of stature, she had produced the truth. There was, of course, Shokholov's "Silent Don"—lively, complete, and beautiful, but rather regional in its scope. The rest, while in peace and war offering such consummate pamphleteering as Ilya Ehrenburg's or Wanda Wsilewska's novels, has never managed to free the Western reader from the embarrassing doubt as to how much of the Russian talent was quelled, or warped, by the necessity forcing writers to bring their work into line with the political blueprint of their totalitarian regime.

The better part of a week which this reviewer has—not without moans



—spent on the present book has taught him a somewhat different lesson. Today he tends to believe that, however much Soviet censorship may hamper the endeavors of the throngs of *dii minores gentium,* to the small number of first-rate artists it seems to be an additional impulse to raise their standards beyond the level of contemporary values, and to give a general meaning to their tales. Of this number is Leonid Leonov, born in Moscow in 1902.

Thematically, Soviet Russia, although by no matter of means to be detached from his story, plays hardly a greater role in "Road to the Ocean" than, let us say, the France of the Bourbon restoration does in Stendahl's work. No novelist can do without a historically knit society. But this society as such is not the ultimate theme of great novel writing; it is its canvas, its medium, and—as in the present case—the touchstone of the characters introduced, and the common denominator which brings a moral order to their motley array. Yet sometimes, as in the present case, such fictional figures, destined to give, as Conrad said, a "semblance of human fellowship," in the end do build the portrait of a society, more valid and better lasting than all the ambitious "social novels" of a period put together. This is the ironical triumph of great novel writing—and most probably also its moral function in our times of stress and chaos.

Alexei Nikitch Kurilov is an old revolutionist and knows the lure of chaos; he knows the sweetness of limitless dreaming, the lust-for-power, and human weakness. He can be as cynical as the old G.P.U. man in Mark Aldanov's "The Fifth Seal"—with whom he shares his sickness, his battle scars, and a subconscious longing for the idyl. But he has the vision of the pioneer. "The ancients spoke with awe of countries wherein wool grew on trees. They were called liars, yet their only mistake was to call cotton wool. Astonishment will always be the lot of those who take the horizon for the frontier of the universe."

It may be a commonplace today to talk of the pioneer spirit of modern Russia; in search of the "miracle" behind the Red Army, the Western public has grown fond of referring to the energies of the Red "frontier," though it is not the kind of frontier of which Americans are cognizant. Used in the American sense of the word, however, "frontier" in this instance is but a handy metaphor. For not virgin wilderness and simple faith, but revolutionary chaos, emotion, and

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dialectic doubt stood at the beginning of the Soviet enterprise. Alexei Nikitch Kurilov, chief of the political bureau of the transcontinental railroad, fights for the souls of the men around him. He wants to "destroy the partition between the past and the future." His eyes turned toward the never-seen ocean, he realizes that only order, order and discipline, can hew out the road to its shores. "Hello, don't be scared, men and women. The big event has already taken place."

It is impossible to do justice to this overpowering book by trying to tell its plot. Living up to the tradition of Russian classical literature, M. Leonov disengages his characters from their story-telling function—and he does so to a degree which makes his narrative at times appear endless, cluttered, and diffuse. It is as though a giant's hand lifted an iceberg, to display its greater part normally submerged under water. Suffice it to list some of the major characters: Ilya Ignatyich Protoklitov, surgeon and collector of clocks, and his renegade brother Gleb, that perfect example of all that makes men, not excluding party members, so little; Kormilitsin, Gleb's ghost-like companion and the pathetic *ci-devant* Omechilov; Kurilov's mournful, strong, and reserved sister Klavdia and his intellectual foster-son Aliosha; the lovable Tatar Sayfullah and the actress Liza who "wants to do something big in order to have the right to say 'we'." In one way or another, they all are connected with Kurilov's railroad. And they all, and scores of others, are presented under the magnifying lens of a great novelist who dissects human beings down to their very last fibre and yet loves them even in the depth of their errors and crimes.

In these days of conveyer-belt-produced fiction, when readers are used to have a world spread out before them in full order over a weekend or on a couple of commuters' rides, this novel will not easily win at once the audience it deserves. Perhaps the editors could have lightened the reader's task by eliminating those long chapters which, interspersed at more or less regular intervals, deal with an imagined future of this planet; their Wellsian pictures are likely to bewilder in spite of their wealth of ideas and their startling imagery. But whatever faults the reader may find in this colossal book, and even though he may at times feel like giving up, it will richly pay him to muster patience, follow M. Leonov on his road "to the Ocean," and keep him company "along the path that anyone must take who leaves home in stormy weather."

The Two Prevailing Sexes

WOMEN AND MEN. By Amram Scheinfeld. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 453 *pp. with index.* $3.50.

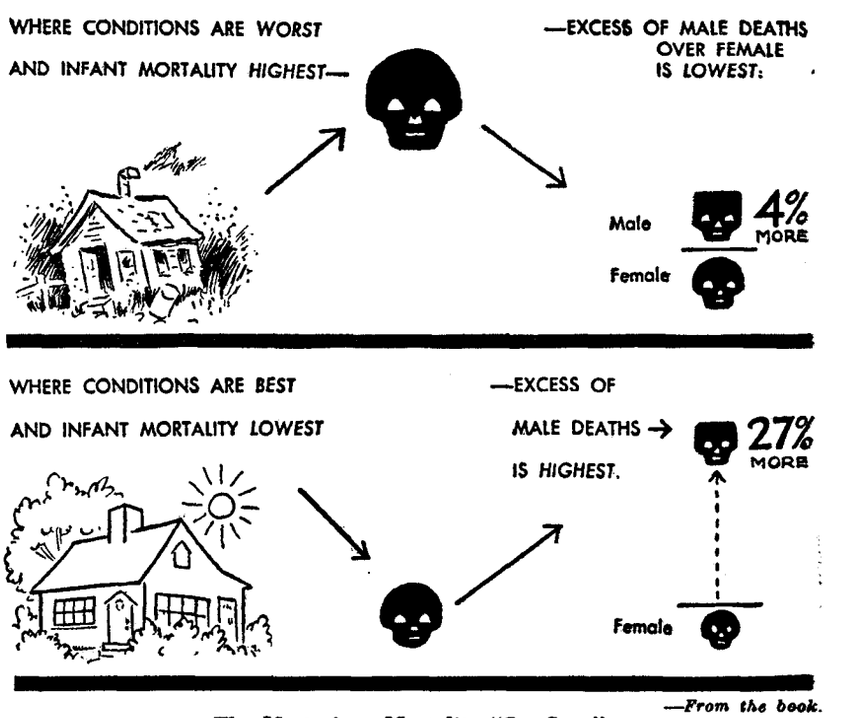
Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

WE have it on the recent and respectable authority of the American Medical Association, endorsed with ill-concealed enthusiasm by *The New Yorker* Magazine that, in spite of social and economic equalities, there remain important differences between the sexes. Not only do these differences remain, but intellectual fashion, dictated in recent decades both by liberal political sentiment and sociological environmentalism, has tended to overlook them and to insist that each sex can do everything the other sex can do. Well, almost everything.

It comes, therefore, as slightly heretical doctrine that such is not the case. Mr. Scheinfeld says so, and he has marshalled a vast quantity of scientific evidence in this book to prove it. In addition there are also a number of less obvious differences, for example, in bone structure, basic metabolism, hormone production, glandular activities, muscular strength, dietary needs, energy expenditure, resistance to disease, growth and maturation, intelligence, social roles, achievement in the arts and sciences, and innumerable others. With the help of many data collected from zoölogy, anthropology, physiology, medicine, psychology, and sociology, the author presents a startling array of facts about men and women and the differences between them.

Which is the weaker sex, the male or the female? In a gross muscular sense the answer is clear. Women are only a little more than half as strong as men. Women athletic champions can never compete with men champions on equal terms in any sport event, and a New York City high school boy who could not beat the world's record for women on the hundred-yard dash would have no chance of making the first team. If strength means resistance to disease, however, the answer is equally clear, although not nearly so well known. Here the male is so much weaker that at every age of life, from conception onward, the male dies more readily and more frequently than the female and has a life expectancy five years short of the female's. Not only does disease take its toll more frequently of males of all ages, but so also does accident. In 1940 sixteen per cent and in 1939 twenty-three per cent more male infants than female infants died of suffocation, falls, and severe burns within their first year of life. Even more mysterious, where environmental conditions are worst and infant mortality is highest, the excess of male deaths over female deaths is lowest; where environmental conditions are best and infant mortality is lowest, the excess of male deaths is highest.

Mr. Scheinfeld is inclined to doubt the claims of the environmentalists and to attribute many if not most differences between men and women to



—*From the book.*

The Mysterious Mortality "See-Saw."

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heredity and biology rather than to training and environment. Sceptics who read his pages will find that he has reasons to spare.

When he enters the dangerous field of personality traits, social roles, and intellectual capacities, he displays an equal competence and the same unusual impartiality. Why in the long history of civilization has no woman ever achieved the highest rank as a philosopher or a historian, a poet or a painter, or even as a composer or a cook? Why has no women ever at any time or at any place in the world contributed a single invention of outstanding importance? Why has no woman ever created a new art form? Why have women's efforts in politics and statecraft, in business and industry, never been blessed with a success in any way comparable to those of men in the same fields? What woman has ever built an empire? Can inadequate training, lack of opportunity, and traditional subjection be the only explanations of these disparities? Again Mr. Scheinfeld thinks not, and again he buttresses his temperate conclusions with careful research, multifarious statistics, and dispassionate reasoning.

And what are the more pressing social problems which confront us as a result of the differences between the sexes? First and foremost of these is the rapidly increasing excess of females over males in our population. Women without men, a situation aggravated but not caused by the present war, may become the most serious of all of our problems in the not too distant future. In the last thirteen years the ratio of males to females in the United States changed from an excess of over a million males to an excess of over three hundred thousand females, and the latter figure is growing rapidly. If the trend continues, what will be its sociological impact upon a monogamous society? What, in short, is the future of marriage?

Since a person's sex is the most important single thing about him, it is obvious that any book on the subject will receive wide attention. "Women and Men," however, is not just any book on the subject. Distinguished by a treatment which is neither technically complex nor meretriciously popular, it offers the most scientific and the most comprehensive discussion of sex differences currently in print. It will instruct and interest everyone who reads it, regardless of sex. If it does nothing else it will support the sentiment in those immortal lines of Hoffenstein:

> Breathes there a man with hide so tough
> Who says two sexes aren't enough?

The Emergence of Anatole France

ANATOLE FRANCE. By Jacob Axelrad. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 480 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

FROM a great mass of printed material, and from the testimony of men and women who knew Anatole France in varying degrees of intimacy, Jacob Axelrad has composed a substantial biography, trustworthy in all essentials, packed with significant details, and written to entertain as well as to inform. It is a conscientious, thoughtful piece of work, done with love, and marred but faintly by scattered minor slips of fact and language. Sure as it is to please and profit many readers, it should also send some of them back to the books of the master stylist who barely had time to draw his final breath before he was set upon by a wild band of younger writers, intent on the destruction of a reputation that had infuriated them by its eminence and longevity. They did not succeed wholly in their work of destruction, but they and like-minded critics did do damage to Anatole France's fame, which, since then, has further suffered by encountering the indifference of a new generation. That Mr. Axelrad's biography is calculated to dispel such indifference on the part of its readers is, perhaps, the chief reason for according it a hearty welcome.

One must not, however, look to this volume for exact critical statements or for a comprehensive discussion of its subject's place in literature. The author contents himself with impressionistic descriptions of individual works, as they are mentioned in the course of the narrative, and in these descriptions he exhibits more enthusiasm than critical precision, while displaying his weakness for writing that is meant to be fine, but which ends by being fancy.

—*By Ed. Herbert Studios.*
Anatole France

We read, for example, that "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" is "as tender as a young mother, as plaintive as the muted whisper of pain." "There is in it the ineffable beauty of the dream that lights up the face of a sleeping child; and the perfume, long remembered, of a woman once loved."

Again, we read: "'Le Petit Pierre,' one of the delightful books of all time, is the epitome of the master's art. Like a cooling drink in the heat of summer, like a grateful shade from the sun's hot glare, like a gentle breeze and its sweet, soft music, it induces a peaceful, nostalgic dreaming of things that have passed forever beyond the horizon of life."

These passages, and others like them, have little critical value. (If their writer argues that the master himself was at once subjective and impressionistic in his criticism, we can only reply that the master was so with a difference.) But it is as a biographer that Mr. Axelrad comes to us, and in that role he succeeds. He has marshalled his facts with industry, weighed and sifted them well, composed them with a sound sense of proportion, and arrived at most of his interpretations by virtue of insight and intelligence. Only an insatiable specialist could demand a fuller biography than he has given us. Here is the story of France's life, step by step, phase by phase, influence by influence, told in a manner that leaves few obscurities to be plumbed, few questions to be answered. It is a fascinating and extraordinary story: that of the development of an awkward, unsure, in many ways backward, child and youth into a mature and finally venerable master among masters.

In this development, of course, one woman played a central, directing part, driving the man to produce, finding her own life's expression and meaning through him; and it is at once satisfying and proper that Mr. Axelrad should be at his best in discribing the central relationship of Anatole France's life—his long, fruitful liaison with Madame Arman de Caillavet. We have heard much of this union before, from scandal-loving Brousson and others, but here is the most revealing account we have had of it; an account written with sympathetic understanding of both parties to the affair, but written also with eyes open to its more ludicrous aspects. It is obvious that for this most important portion of his study the

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biographer has made good use of manuscripts and memories that have not been so fully available to his predecessors.

However effectively Madame de Caillavet may have directed and driven Anatole France's energies, she did not shape his character, his thinking, or his style. Even without her, these would have been what they became; although, without her, their pusillanimous possessor might have put them to less successful use. Both character and thought are carefully dealt with by Mr. Axelrad, with due attention to heredity, environment, and successive influences. The boy who sought to escape from reality is seen as the father of the old and famous master who would have liked to escape also, who tried to escape; and, earlier, of the young poet who wrote: "what matter if the dream be false, so it may be beautiful? Is it not man's destiny to be steeped in perpetual illusion?" The mask of irony, which the frustrated romanticist put on in self-defense at an early age, is seen to have served him for a lifetime; as did the technique of scepticism, learned from Renan and pushed by the pupil beyond the limits of the teacher. Romanticist, ironist, sceptic: the combination is always uncomfortable when it is found within a single personality, but it is not uncommon.

Even readers who are disposed to disagree with some of Mr. Axelrad's conclusions will have to admit that the biographer has fairly furnished them with materials for dissent. He likes, for example, to believe that Anatole France emerged from the walled room of individualism into the light of humanitarian thought, and became a good Socialist. But, as I read it, the story which he tells justifies no such belief. Granted that France was stirred by vague and romantic humanitarian impulses, it seems to me beyond doubt that he remained in a state of political confusion from first to last. Jaurès may have tutored him hopefully in "the Socialism which Jaurès had so deeply studied in its German origin." Clemenceau and Jaurès together may have pushed him into utterance in connection with the Dreyfus case; they may even have pushed him on to the witness stand in defense of Zola, but once he was on the stand he gave little evidence of knowing why he was there. He was no more stable politically than he had been when he had shouted for Boulanger and had rushed into print to say that the military virtues were the very foundation of all civilization. Rappoport may have tutored the old man doggedly in communism, but France's

excursion into bolshevism was stuff for comic opera, and his apparent return to less radical socialism was a return, not to faith, but to old doubts that had never ceased to plague the sceptic's mind, never ceased to stultify his public pronouncements. Scepticism and socialism simply do not mix, and, however much the romanticist in Anatole France may have yearned for a socialistic heaven on earth, the sceptic was always there to talk him down.

But through it all he was a great word-master, a man whose manner of saying things will make the things he said forever memorable. That is why we read his biography; that is the only reason. And that is why it is good to have the biography that Mr. Axelrad has written; a Life that would have been improved only ever so slightly if its author had been a little better informed as to the meanings of a few words such as "transpire," "malingerer," and "jejune."

Oboy! Hoboken

THE WORLD ENDS AT HOBOKEN. By Mel Heimer. New York: Whittlesey House. 1944. 179 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IT is no secret that vaudeville was never really buried. There are parts of it interred, like cancerous growths, in radio, the movies, "floor shows," and books like this one. Mr. Heimer was born in Hoboken, he says with a leer, and came to New York to be a mad newspaper man, one of those who end up with books in which they scream, oboy! New York, 'swonderful, and screwy! look! drunks, legs, hotfeet (not the same thing), crooks, suckers, and crackpots; Margie Hart, Groucho Marx, Madeleine Webb, Frankie Sinatra, and crazy people you never heard of like Hoopla Bauman—I seen 'em all, he chortles. The book is also filled with hilarious gags that even radio has thrown away. He says he's trying to give a hangnail sketch of himself. He says he would "like to convey a brief message to the citizens of Los Angeles, Grosse Point, Eastchester, Jacksonville, New Orleans, Dodge City, and Tombstone: Yaaaaaaaaaa." See? He also implies that anyone who is reading his book through is a sucker. That is correct. But the thing I resent is his claim to being a great lover of New York. This is a snide allegation. He has met her, yes. Who has not? But she has told him nothing important. You will not find her in these pages.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT AUTHORS

This week's quiz consists of miscellaneous bits of information about famous authors. Allowing 10 points for each question correctly answered, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and better than that is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. One of these English poets was never a Poet Laureate: Ben Jonson, John Milton, John Dryden, Robert Southey, Alfred Tennyson.

2. One of these authors never wore a beard: Charles Dickens, Christopher Morley, George Sand, Rex Stout, Walt Whitman.

3. Only one of these poets reached his thirtieth birthday: Rupert Brooke, Robert Burns, Thomas Chatterton, John Keats, Percy B. Shelley.

4. One of these women won the Nobel Prize for literature: Pearl Buck, Willa Cather, Edna Ferber, Margaret Mitchell, Edith Wharton.

5. One of these famous names in literature is not a pen name: Lewis Carroll, George Eliot, Owen Meredith, Mark Twain, Izaak Walton.

6. Only one of these writers died a natural death: Thomas Chatterton, Charles Lamb, Christopher Marlowe, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Emile Zola.

7. "J" stands for "John" in all but one of these names: J. Bunyan, J. Dryden, J. Galsworthy, J. Keats, J. Lyly, J. Masefield, J. Milton, J. Ruskin, J. Suckling, J. Swift.

8. One of these famous writers is not buried in Westminster Abbey: John Dryden, Oliver Goldsmith, Ben Jonson, William Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser.

9. One of these writers was not a magazine editor: Thomas B. Aldrich, Eugene Field, Bret Harte, William Dean Howells, Edgar Allan Poe.

10. One of the following writers won four Pulitzer Prizes: Robert Frost, Eugene O'Neill, Edwin A. Robinson, Robert Sherwood, Thornton Wilder.

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Strictly Personal...

EDITORS UNFETTERED

MECHANICALLY, the headline is the most difficult of all kinds of writing, except poetry. Not that the headline is poetry. It is, on the contrary, explosive and rather more vulgar than beautiful. It is, nevertheless, a kind of art requiring years of practice to master and, in its best-performed sense, the work of men skilled beyond belief in the use of words.

But, because it does present apparently insurmountable barriers, it poses for the editor of the newspaper a problem in ethics, as well as a problem in literary expression. Editors do not want to be "vulgar." They do not want to be sensational, cheap, or illiterate. They want to be just the opposite. Good ones are pure brain workers, almost; they are possessed of a sense of dignity, of a social conscience, and of responsibility to history, knowledge, and propriety. They try hard to be fair, kind, and decent.

Sometimes, being decent, they seem prudish. Always, aware that their language can be beautifully expressive, they hold the necessarily short words of the newspaper in suspicion.

The headline is most highly fettered by the limitations set up by one, sense of propriety, and two, sense of good expression.

Shall I be prudish, the editor asks himself, in my family newspaper, or shall I be realistically bold? Shall I say *social disease* or shall I say *syphilis?* Mencken says he is informed that "the pious *Los Angeles Times*" changed *sow-belly* to *sow-bosom.*

Much of this kind of apparent stupidity comes about because editors bow to general public attitudes. To get elected, a politician must get the votes; to get the votes he must occasionally stoop to practices repugnant to him. To exist, the newspaper must have circulation, and to get circulation, it must occasionally stoop, too.

As he stoops, the editor keeps a weather eye out for column-widths. He decides a certain story deserves a certain play on page one. To get this play, use of a certain size of type is necessary. If the play is to be big, then the type is big; and not infrequently a story must be told in a headline of, say, three lines, each of which must be approximately the same length as the others.

If the gist of the story is that President Franklin D. Roosevelt Makes an Attack on the Proposal of Congress that Subsidies to Hold Down the Prices of Foods Be Prohibited by Law, the headline is likely to come out something like this:

SOLONS' BAN
ON SUBSIDIES
HIT BY F. D. R.

This is one of the things the editor does not like. He fights it on the bulletin board, oftentimes with a list of forbidden words. In the headline above he could find two words—*solon* and *ban*—to forbid. They are much overused in nearly all papers. The list of *banned* words in most offices changes weekly, in part, until it may have covered a complete headline, such as *Cops Nab Thug,* and other such words as *quiz, probe, hoodlum, mob, parley, sex fiend, aide, temblor.* This last was a source of constant irritation to one editor, for his printers always set it *tremblor.* Their logic was that things tremble where there is an earthquake. This is a favorite trick of printers: *restaurateur* nearly always appears as *restauranteur.* Other banned words are often *flay, flee, irk* (Ban Irks Chief).

And so the editor worries. He even used to worry about his responsibility to the Japanese. He felt that he had a social responsibility toward other races and nations, and when the Embassy once protested against his use in headlines of the word *Jap,* he put that on the banned list, too, and ordered *Japanese* and *Nipponese* as acceptable terms.

With these "social" worries, the worries over the awful things that can happen to 250,000 printed words a day in one newspaper go hand in hand. One mishandled word on page one can bring suit for a half million dollars:

witness the headline, "Blodgett is Chief," appearing as

BLODGETT IS THIEF

When the prominent Mrs. Iglehart had a son, a printer by error picked up a little line of type from the end of some story or other and stuck it under the headline, so that the head and the little line appeared in the paper

IGLEHARTS
HAVE SON
(More to come)

Yet, no good editor dare make fun of the printer. Editors themselves are human enough to err. Tired and cynical one day, a desk man scratched on a little story the words *awful stuff.* In the rush that followed, he forgot to scratch them out, and the line was set in type and got in with the headline, as follows:

CHARLES F. ADAMSES
ENTERTAIN DIPLOMAT
—awful stuff

There is the story, too, that, on one family paper, the sentence "There he sat, like a Buddha, gazing at his navel" appeared in the paper still running off the press. Only 2000 copies had been printed when the editor saw the sentence, but many more than that had to make a train in 20 minutes. It was impossible, therefore, to remake the whole page to get the indelicate lines out. The editor telephoned the press room and told his crew to chip *navel* off the stereotyped plate. This they did, with the result that 150,000 papers were delivered to as many homes that afternoon, carrying the unlovely lines "There he sat, like a Buddha, gazing at his ——."

Sometimes the editor can crow over his copyreaders, as in the case of a headline written about a kidnapper and his wife, sentenced to imprisonment, one in New Jersey and one in California. Read the headline:

BELL, WIFE GET
LIFE CONTINENT
APART IN PRISON

Waving a proof of the thing, the editor, one given to mortal fear of impropriety, rushed to the desk to demand whether no sub-editor knew what *continent* meant when applied to a man and his wife.

So much for the fettered editor and his fettered headlines. So much for his earnest effort to write headlines with sense and still headlines that will sell his paper; pity him for his dilemma.

How about the *unfettered* headline? There is, indeed, such a thing. Every headline-writer (copyreader in the U. S., sub-editor in England) dreams of the head he can write which will

(*Continued on page 32*)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
Norman Cousins, *Editor*
Henry Seidel Canby } *Associate*
Amy Loveman } *Editors*
William Rose Benét } *Contributing*
Bennett Cerf } *Editors*
Harrison Smith
President
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

PRACTICALLY every problem that deals with the post-war world after Germany has been defeated has already been discussed in magazines and books so exhaustively that it is difficult to imagine what writers are going to have to say in the immediate future. Considering that several months elapse between the time when an article is written for a national weekly or a monthly magazine and its publication, and that it takes six months to a year to write a book and get it into print, this forehandedness is astonishing. Innumerable books have been written on what to do with Germany or how to educate the German people; on the economics of Europe after the war; on world economics; on the returned soldier and what we will do for him and what he will do to us; on the division of the world into spheres of influence; on an international body embracing all the nations; on policing the world; on air power; and, heaven help us, on the next world war. They come in waves, flooding the bookstores until the buyer's patience is exhausted and the publisher turns thumbs down on subjects that become economically taboo for another six months. Early last spring Hitler was condemned and polished off in "The Trial of Adolf Hitler," by Michael Young, and two novels have recently appeared which settle his fate, one of them by a united and timed outburst of hate which annihilates him by long distance. A good part of this haste to settle matters beforehand while guns are still thundering and cities are still falling into ruins comes from an impatience on the part of the American public to have it over with and the future settled.

There is no doubt that Americans and American writers have, on the authority of generals and statesmen, underestimated the length of the war. We are an optimistic people and for the last two years more than the thoughtless, lunatic fringe have predicted that peace was around the corner. There may have been a very good reason for the almost universal belief that Germany would surrender in 1944, and for the more definite conviction last summer that October would be the month the bells would ring. Whatever the reason, it has led to a great deal of hasty and perhaps ill-advised publishing. Already many of the books dealing with the future, written a year ago, have a stale look about them. We know now that what many of these writers believed can never come to pass, that international politics and economics are far more complex subjects than we had conceived them to be, and that the solution of one problem may create another one of almost equal magnitude.

It has, however, resulted in a magnificent debate and, because the public has accepted some ideas and has rejected others, it has been able to have an influence on the future that might have been impossible with a more leisurely pattern of literature on the years to come.

The most serious of these debates followed the publication of Walter Lippmann's "U. S. War Aims," and Sumner Welles's "The Time for Decision," though they have left the great public that has read them divided and uncertain. The discussion about what sort of terms we shall make with Germany is settled. No responsible man in America would agree to less than unconditional surrender. What we shall do with Germany afterwards is still argued fiercely. The group that has been called the "exterminators" are less ardent today, both on the platform and in books, though they have not been entirely silenced. It is obvious now that the soldiers abroad and the civilians at home will not countenance the mass murder or the starvation in concentration camps of our German enemies. But it is settled that the terms will be so rigorous that Germany will not be able to raise her head again in our day. We have determined, too, that we canot solve this matter single-handed, or with Great Britain, but that Russia will have to have a hand in it.

When the time comes for American soldiers to return home by the millions, an informed public will know that we are determined to see that they are given jobs and a continuation of their education if they want it. We have read too much about what happened after the last war to balk at the expense of any measures for their protection and security. We are witnessing a phenomenon, the gradual formation of public opinion which will determine the future of our world for a long time to come on questions that canot be solved or even clearly phrased today. It is perhaps an unusual method of procedure, to toss a thousand books, good, bad and indifferent, into the lap of the public, and to let it make up its own mind. But it is proving effective and it will perhaps make impossible the wave of cynicism and even of despair that overwhelmed America after the months in which the Versailles Treaty was being formed. We know far more about ourselves and about the world, there is less idealism and more common sense than we were able to show twenty-six years ago. This vast post-war literature is at least preparing and informing us for whatever fate has in preparation for us. H. S.

My Fourth Estate

By Addison Hibbard

THE morning paper, please;
I must see what news there is
From the Pleiades, and learn if Polyphemus
Still sings among the groves
To milk-white Galatea. I would know
If the Flying Dutchman has made port,
If Tam o' Shanter has reformed,
And something of Fra Lippo Lippi's latest escapade.
I must look to see the day's quotation
On Arbutus Preferred and what the rental page
Offers by way of warm wrens' nest
In hollow oaks, and at what sylvan night club
The whip-poor-will is billed to sing.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Mr. Simple on Racial Equality"

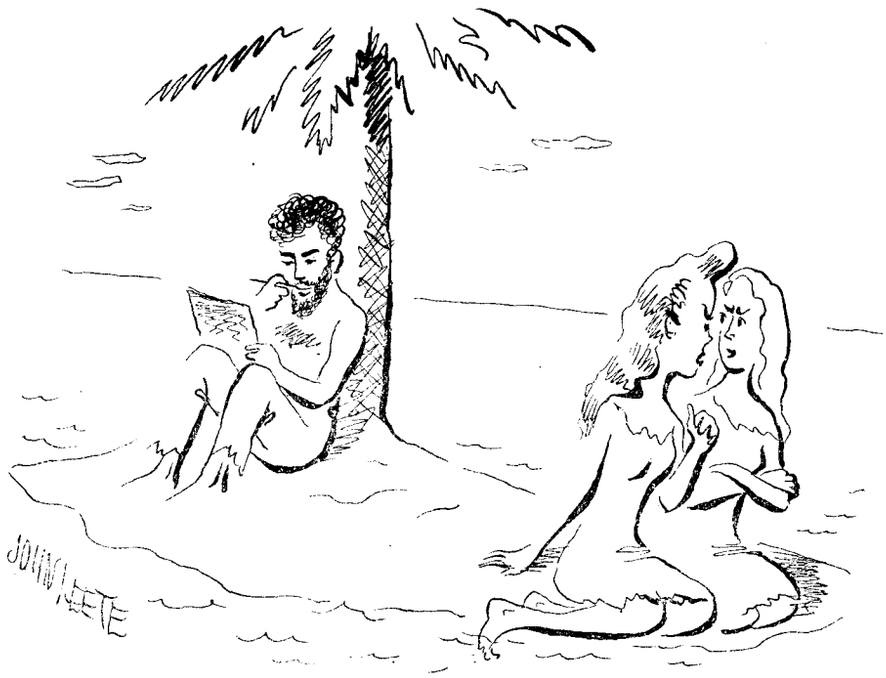
SIR: Mr. Louis J. Halle, Jr., has expressed a very common viewpoint exceedingly well in his article, "Mr. Simple on Racial Equality." [*SRL*, Oct. 7, 1944]. That viewpoint is that, while there are fundamental physical and mental differences between the races of mankind, "all men are equal before their Maker . . . and that by virtue of their souls they stand outside the judgment of their fellow men." All good men will wholeheartedly subscribe to the second part of this viewpoint, but the notion of the existence of fundamental physical and mental differences between the races is one to which anthropologists, at least, cannot subscribe.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that, where relations between human beings are concerned, no matter what ethnic group they may belong to, the biological facts are utterly irrelevant. Whether or not ethnic groups ("races") differ from one another in mental or physical traits all men must be treated decently and with respect. "Irregardless." This is the main point. In the biological facts and in the scientific analysis of the mental capacities of different ethnic groups there is nothing which either requires or warrants any kind of genuflexion to the biological or psychological facts. On the other hand these facts strongly point to the conclusion that the varieties of mankind are biologically as well as spiritually equal before their Maker. By "biologically" we mean "in terms of life," in terms of functioning body-minds fully integrated with the world in which they live. We tend, alas, to overemphasize observable superficial differences and to neglect and underestimate the fundamental likenesses. The ethnic groups of mankind all stem from a common source, and their present superficial differences represent the expression of responses to peculiar accidental conditions all calculated to ensure the survival of the organism. Thus, by the test of biological fitness, all existing varieties of man have demonstrated their fundamental biological equality.

The differences in cultural achievement and performance to which Mr. Halle refers may easily be shown to be due to the accidents of history. Cultural progress is dependent upon the ever-present stimulus of diverse cultural contacts—in peoples as in persons. The cultural achievement of different peoples is simply an index of the degree to which they have been so exposed or isolated. In any event, where the conditions of cultural development have been unequal, it is scarcely fair to make any inferences as to the possible part played by other non-cultural factors.

M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU.

Philadelphia, Pa.



"Who *is* this Elizabeth Kingsley, anyhow?"

The Real World

SIR: I thought you would be interested in seeing the enclosed clipping from *The Fort Hamilton Post* for October 27. It was written by Corporal Maurice Basseches.

AS YOU WERE

Nobody likes to die.

That makes it pretty hard to decide what's worth dying for.

Maybe the only real way is to put it up to the guy himself, to answer in his own mind.

Is it worth dying to get across a stinking little canal in Holland?

Is it worth dying to defend a rain-soaked hovel in Burma?

Is it worth dying to blast out a Jap pillbox in the Philippines?

Most of the time in this line of business those questions are answered higher up. But it would be good to think that the GI who does the dying also has answered the question for himself and has said, "Yes."

For the screwy thing about this war is the way the little things add up or stand for big things. Sometimes you can realize this better back from the front where it's calm and you can think. Sometimes you can get it better in a blazing moment of action. Sometimes you don't get it at all.

There's one batch of dead Americans, though, who we'd like to think did get it. Them especially.

They're the officers who have been killed recently in France and Holland and Germany while they were collecting soldiers' votes in the presidential election, out in the field and under fire.

To their folks back home perhaps it doesn't make much difference whether the men died being blown up by a Teller mine or being run over by a jeep. "They're dead and nothing can change that," they may say and it's a feeling that's easy to understand.

Nevertheless if we may be so bold as to place values on other men's lives, we'd like to think that the officers who died so our army could vote even in the thick of combat died well. More directly than anyone else these men died for what this war is all about: the right of the everyday guy to decide whom he wants to govern for him.

No doubt men and women in Europe and Asia and elsewhere who have lost that right know what it means more than we do. When you think, however, of American officers plummeting down by parachute amid enemy fire so they can gather the ballots of a fighting unit—and being battered to death by Nazi machine guns—you can get some idea of what it's about.

It's about the most important thing in the world.

JOHN BROWN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Forever Arthur

SIR: AN OPEN LETTER TO KATHLEEN WINSOR, AUTHOR OF "FOREVER AMBER."

Dear Miss Winsor:

On Page 85 of the first edition copies of your book, you have an astrologer telling Amber that her life is to be affected by the planets Uranus and Neptune. It so happens that Uranus was not discovered until the eighteenth century and Neptune not until 1846! The time of your story is 1660.

However, after taking one look at your picture on the book jacket, I'd be only too happy to teach you all the astronomy I know, amateur that I am.

ARTHUR W. THURNER.

Calumet, Michigan.

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TRADE Winds

THE WEEK AFTER PEARL HARBOR, when New York feared bombing raids at any minute, 25,000 manuscripts and rare editions were removed from the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and stored in a secret vault near Saratoga Springs. Last week they were brought back, and a group of young people who have transformed the Library steps into Lovers' Lane cheered the somewhat startled porters as they unloaded the three vans and carried the cases back where they belonged. It was a reassuring sight, an augury of more tranquil days to come. To celebrate the return, eight of the rarest items were promptly placed on public exhibition. They include the first Gutenberg Bible to come to this country, a letter from Columbus announcing the discovery of America, and the manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address. . . .

ANNE BAXTER, Trade Winds' answer to Lauren Bacall, submits the prospectus of the Cachipay Hotel, in Bogota, every precious word of which is reprinted here verbatim:

CACHIPAY HOTEL

First class hotel confortly stating with all the modern elements for stablishment of its class; is situated in one of the stations more beautifull of the Girardot railway, ideal clime or its temperature that is only 20° besides for the landscape that surrounds it and the wonderful flora that adorn and enrich. During many years is the part where elegant families and foreign put interviews that they wish to rejoice of a clime absolute spring. For the passangers that wish to do station for no to ascende to Bogota neither descende to Girardot in the same day is indispensable, specially for the persons that ascend to the wish to elude the molestation of the belvet exchange.

The best part of sumering and the more near to Bogota, potable water, splendid bath, swimming tunk, bar, sport yard, gardens, movies, European kitchen, and executed services of all class.

1,620 metres on the level of the sea.

The environs are full of enchant an the tours that can do every day are many always variegates and always full of emotions. The turist also can leave the train of the morning and regress in the train of the evening.

PRECIOS:

The price of one day for person with all services of rigour in these cases is $4.00.

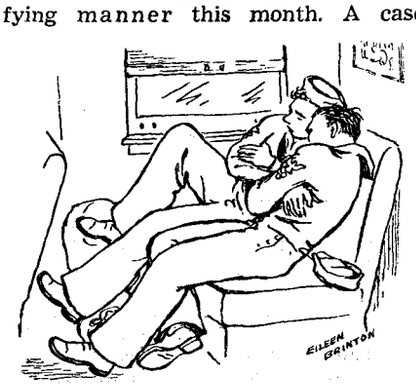
REMARK: The other expenses are separate count.

I hope this solves your vacation problem. Hail Colombia! . . .

MACMILLAN'S BRILLIANT publicity campaign for "Forever Amber" is paying quick dividends. The book is selling like wildfire, and Fox has bought the picture rights for $200,000. Harry Hansen points out that it should be an easy story to film, since practically the entire action will have to take place offstage. The literary wits are having a field day at Li'l Amber's expense, but every new jibe simply hikes the take at the box-office. In Boston, when Dorothy Hillyer captioned her review "Trollop with a Wallop," the dear old Watch and Warders scented fresh game, and demanded Fuller information. They suppressed the book the day after its luscious author, Kathleen Winsor, spoke at the Book Fair. In Philadelphia, Charles Lee suggested that the book be retitled "The Unrobed." Frances Merriam complained that it harps on a single note—the G-string. Miss Winsor was in the very act of greeting Gypsy Rose Lee at the star-studded sixth-anniversary party for "Life with Father" when a shy little movie actress told her, "You and I have an awful lot in common. All day I think about what you write about." . . .

"FOREVER AMBER" was the third book banned in Boston this season ("Strange Fruit" and "Rome Hanks" were the other two) and it is rumored that Clyde Murphy's "The Glittering Hill" will make a fourth as soon as the self-appointed censors stop choking (worse luck) over it. This state of affairs will persist in Massachusetts until some responsible leadership asserts itself and proves that no stubborn minority group, no matter how well organized and financed, can thwart the public will forever. If the powerful *Boston Herald* devoted half the time and space to routing out Watch and Warders that it does to its annual book fair it would be performing a *real* service to the community!

IN OTHER PARTS of the country, bigots got their come-uppance in a most gratifying manner this month. A case



trumped up against "Studs Lonigan," "Ulysses," and a few other outstanding literary works was pitched out of a Chicago court with scant ceremony. And in New York, John Sumner, who hasn't won a case since Brentano's moved uptown from Union Square, failed once more when Special Sessions gave "The First Lady Chatterley" a clean bill of health. "Mrs. Grundy is almost dead," chortled the publisher, George Joel, "and this decision ought to finish her off." Mrs. Herbert A. Grundy, of 140 Riverside Drive, however, protested this statement. "Joel is bats," she phoned. "I never felt better in my life." . . . Meanwhile, the country confidently expected the Supreme Court to clear *Esquire* Magazine, and chastise the Postmaster General for grossly exceeding his authority. Political circles believe that Republican campaign strategists were asleep at the switch when they failed to inject this issue into the campaign. Much more alert was the author who descended upon his Deweyite publisher the day before election and solicited a loan on these grounds: "My wife is old, quarrelsome, and damn extravagant. That's why I need some change." He got it. . . .

CAPSULE CLASSICS

"You may remember," writes William Schmidt, "Hillaire Belloc's

King Edward the Confessor
Used to sleep under the dresser;
When that began to pall
He slept out in the hall."

He thereupon submits a few of his own:

By clerks and clerics Cunegonde
Was more or less completely owned—
A circumstance which drove Candide
To reading catalogues on seed.

Fair Heloise loved Abelard;
She must have loved him very hard.
(But still no harder, if you please,
Than Abelard loved Heloise.)

First in peace and first in wars
That solar prince, Louis Quatorze;
Somewhere among the also-rans
Was his successor, Louis Quinze.

"THE LIFE OF JANE CARLYLE"

Wives of great men all remind us
We should seek a happier fate;
Leave all geniuses behind us,
Choose a moron for a mate.

—Julia Boynton Green.

"TIME MUST HAVE A STOP"

A small angel in grey flannel trousers
Sloshed in verse, wine, and certain sinrousers.
He became over-sexed
Then his psyche got hexed
And he fled from the ranks of carousers.

—Vera M. Jones.

BROWNING'S "INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP"

That Ratisbon fight was a red one;
Napoleon B. was the head one.

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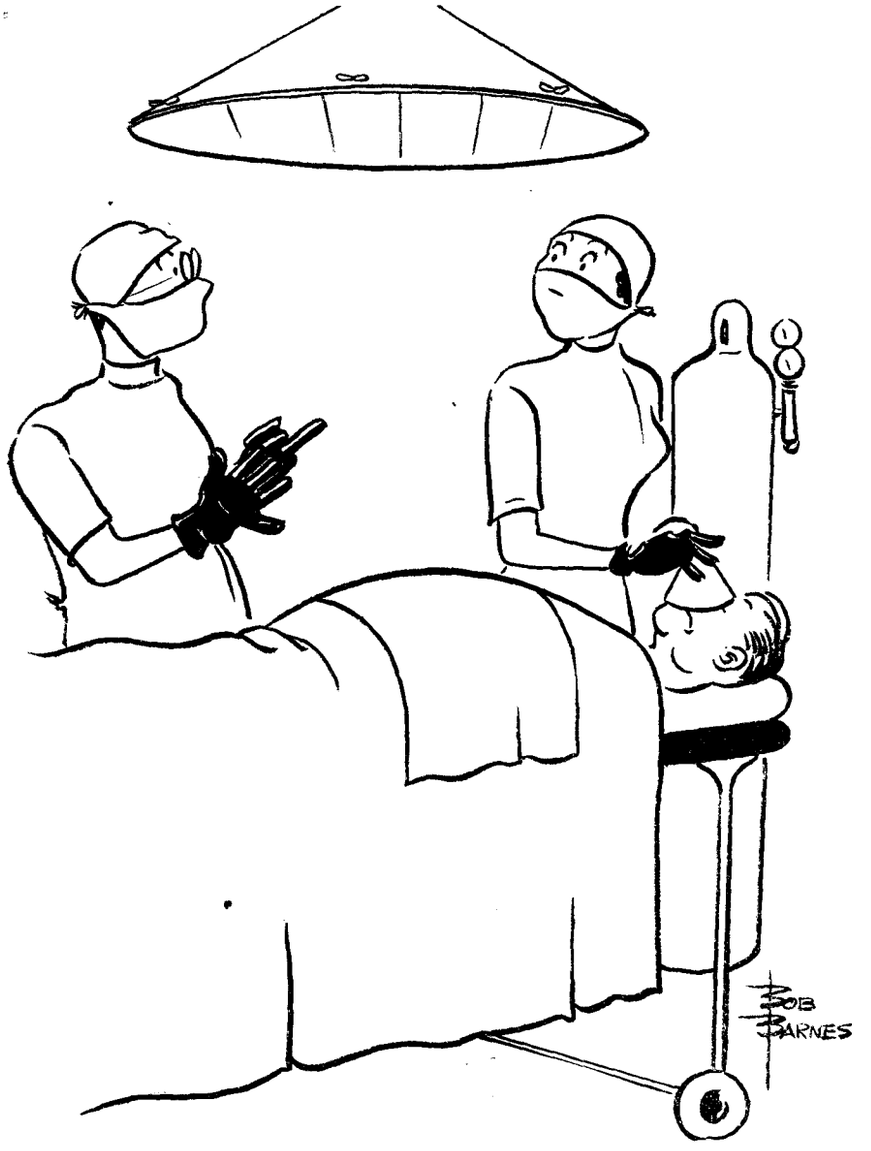

"You know, I really didn't think he had it in him."

He saw a kid drop
Said "You're wounded, old top."
"Oh no," zipped the boy, "I'm a dead one."
F. P. A. Himself (Couldn't you tell?)

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY has two titles on its 1945 list that may use up the firm's entire paper quota for the year. First it will publish Lin Yutang's new book, "The Vigil of a Nation," said to be his most important since "My Country and My People," and on its heels will come a big novel by Pearl Buck. . . . John Patrick's play, "The Hasty Heart," will be produced immediately by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Lindsay, by the way, made his professional debut thirty-five years ago in a road company of "Polly of the Circus." Another young actor in the cast was Dale Carnegie. . . . George Kaufman reports that a Broadway columnist is in serious trouble with the O.P.A.; they want to know what he's done with all the points he dropped out of stories he's printed. . . . The gent who calls all hands with a terse "I'll Havelook Ellis" is about to be murdered by the Thanatopsis Poker Club. . . . A celebrity at the Stork Club squelched his feminine companion the other evening with a heartfelt "I wish everything you knew was a military secret." . . . Unfathomable communiqué from Henry Holt: "Because of end-of-the-season crowding in our promotion and advertising plans we have decided to change the publication date of Ernie Pyle's "Brave Men" from November 20 to November 21." . . .

H. M. WAGSTAFF, of the University of North Carolina, reports an intriguing incident that took place in a local hospital last summer. A prominent publisher was confined there for weeks, and was served so faithfully by a Negro orderly named Ben that he gave him an unusually big tip the day he got out. Ben was overwhelmed, and felt he must pay a compliment in turn. He gulped hard, and produced a "We is goin' to miss you terribly 'round here, Mister Walker. You sho' does take a good enema."

BENNETT CERF.

ANNOUNCING

A powerful novel from the correspondent who wrote one of "the best of the war books"...* FROM THE LAND OF SILENT PEOPLE

It's Always Tomorrow

By ROBERT ST. JOHN

Coming Wednesday, November 22

At your bookseller's, $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

*LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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It's legal!

but it's also one of the most charming gift books in years.

HERE'S something special to delight the heart of any lawyer, judge, juror, client, or witness. It's a book about law and lawyers (and their friends and enemies) by a lawyer who has devoted a brilliant lifetime to the cause of justice. With wry wit and great affection he here exposes the foibles of lawyers, judges and clients . . . in as unusual a book of essays and anecdotes on legal matters as has ever appeared in print.

John Clarke Adams and C. Abbott Phillips, Jr., who translated this book from the original Italian, have lost none of the flavor, profundity and stinging lightness of the original. For example:

"A judge does not need superior intelligence. He must, however, be a man of superior moral attainments in order to be able to forgive the lawyer for being more intelligent than he."

"A sense of justice, the innate quality . . . which enables the judge after hearing the facts to feel which party is right, is as necessary to him as a good ear is to a musician."

"In Plato's Republic *judges and doctors are treated with a similar diffidence, as if the necessity of their presence were an indication of the physical or moral sickness of the citizens."*

"The judge seeks in the theatre or in novels happenings which contrast sharply with his daily existence. He likes pictures of loving spouses superimposed on pink and blue backgrounds . . . merchants who do not go bankrupt, and landowners who meet on their common boundary to express with tears in their eyes their mutual joy at being neighbors."

Eulogy OF Judges

By *PIERO CALAMANDREI*

Beautifully printed and bound.
$2.00

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
Princeton, N. J.

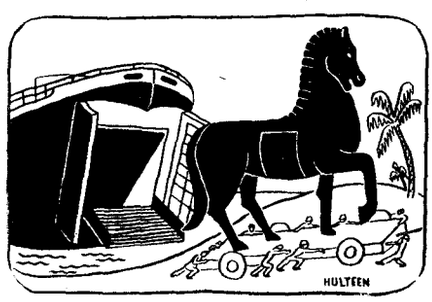
Soldiers and Conquerors

GREAT SOLDIERS OF WORLD WAR II. By Major H. A. DeWeerd. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1944. 316 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

MAJOR DEWEERD has selected eleven leaders from all the fighting nations of the Second World War for his gallery of great soldiers. The requirements for admission are stated in his foreword. Some leaders are omitted because there is insufficient material available for biographical purposes, or because the work they are doing is still labelled unfinished business. His reasons for including two civilian heads of states and the British Prime Minister are sound and valid. Among his soldiers are tacticians whose skill lay in handling men in battle; strategists who devised and carried out plans of campaign; and, finally, the three civilian grand strategists who integrated the social forces with the armed forces of their nations. The leaders studied are two Frenchmen, Gamelin and deGaulle; three English, Wavell, Montgomery, and Churchill; two Germans, Rommel and Hitler; two Americans, MacArthur and Eisenhower; one Russian and one Chinese, Timoshenko and Chiang Kai-shek.

His series starts with a soldier whose work is done and whose military limitations helped to ensure the fall of France. There were numerous other reasons for French defeat, ideological and technical, as well as treason in high places. But Gamelin was unequal to his task as commander of the French Army. His military career recalls Marshal deSaxe's observation written in 1732, "I have seen very good colonels become very bad generals." The old Marshal concluded that a general necessarily "should preserve an unfettered mind and not occupy himself with trifles." Gamelin's mind was tragically fettered by conservatism and inability to comprehend the effects on warfare of social and technological changes. His imperturbable and academic mental attitude stands out in Major DeWeerd's estimate, which is one of the best analyses in the book.



The other French soldier considered. General deGaulle, is one of the "great theoretical soldiers" of France. For him there was no mystery concerning the influence of technical developments on warfare, and he had a clear conception of the military problems of the day. Above all he had faith in France. He would not acknowledge defeat. The comparatively brief space devoted to deGaulle nevertheless suffices to provide an understanding of his mind and character.

Hitler is examined with notable objectivity, and with subtle discernment of the psychological and social background of modern war. Hitler is an unorthodox military leader. He obviously practises the basic military principle established by Sun Tzu twenty-five hundred years ago that "rapidity is the essence of war; take advantage of the enemy's unreadiness, make your way by unexpected routes, and attack unguarded spots." The result of Hitler's leadership was to organize the whole population of Germany for military purposes in a fashion that has never been equalled in any other nation in the course of recorded history. In consequence Major DeWeerd states that the defeat of France was "the cheapest and quickest conquest of a great state in modern times." By February, 1943, however, Hitler's intuitive leadership had brought about the worst defeat that the German Army had ever suffered. Major DeWeerd has analyzed Hitler's military competence and character most skilfully, so that the rise of his military reputation and its subsequent fall are readily understood. With varying degrees of success Major DeWeerd studies Rommel, the tactician of desert warfare, and Montgomery, who defeated him; the military strategists, Wavell, Timoshenko, MacArthur, and Eisenhower; and the other two practitioners of grand strategy, Chiang Kai-shek and Churchill.

These biographical and character sketches of military leaders of World War II are notable for careful and objective analysis, skilful relation to the military events of the war, and for their high quality of literary excellence. They show evidence of wide and intensive study, and a rare insight into human nature and into the nature of war. Though subject to revision when historical data are more fully known, the book will enhance Major DeWeerd's deservedly high reputation at home and abroad as a military historian.

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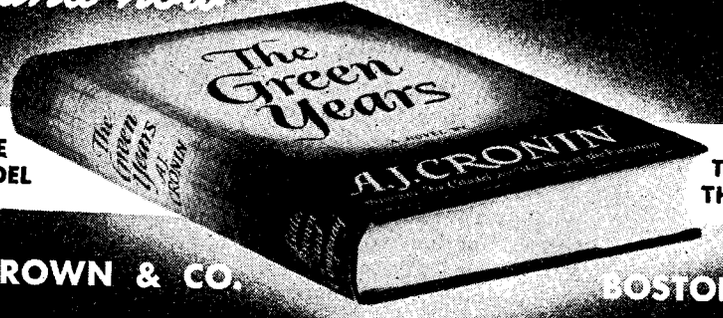

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A. J. Cronin Creates Robert Shannon

THE GREEN YEARS. By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 347 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS is not one of Dr. Cronin's more effective novels. To get right down to the truth, it is rather a weak and tentative effort, lacking both the assurance and the dramatic outline which are generally characteristic of his work. Some of this lack of tone is certainly the result of design rather than accident, since the story is simply an account of a boy's growth from eight to eighteen. Such a tale would be expected to ramble, to unwind like a kitestring rather than to expand from any dramatic center. Yet even here, in the history of a youth, some position must be taken by the writer other than that of friendly narrator. He may take a youth's view of life, give it to us through eyes drowned in new sight, ears and nostrils assailed with the wonderful, agonizing freshness of sensation. Or he may give us the man's view, looking backward, with some vision be it bitter or proud, just so long as there is an achieved vantage point from which all past and present falls into place and has meaning. You do not need to be Joyce or Wolfe to do either of these things; it would be enough to reach for them.

Dr. Cronin's Robert Shannon is neither one thing nor the other. His is not the hot, immediate experience of youth, nor the remembered pantomime, long ago played, now understood. Robert has none of the spirit of youth, none of the spine of maturity. He seems in fact to have been created expressly to appeal to our least critical sentiments, a cautious, affecting little man of sugar and water, sweet and harmless, no visible character. He is an orphan in Scotland, living with grandparents, he is the only Catholic in his school, he must struggle for a kind word and the right to walk in his school yard, he is deprived at the last moment, by illness, of a coveted school prize that was his, his best friend is killed in an accident. All of these crosses are piled upon his back to show how he can bear them and walk his ten years—yet somehow it seems that nothing has happened. There is not the feeling of real suffering, or its surmounting, here. You need more of a character for that. It comes down to this, then: that young Robert Shannon is not a successful, living creation, and not all the adventures in unhappy Scotland will make him so. The other characters about him are similarly unrealized, the fantastic grandfather, the gentle Alison, the knightly and fated Gavin, all faintly Dickensian in flavor without having the original rich stuffings inside their skins. The book is altogether a mild, even soothing affair, despite its unhappy circumstances. This is a combination of effects that may indeed please many readers.

For an Aviator Killed Over Germany

By Paul Engle

WHAT should a fighting man
Take to his death beside
Powerful anger and
A private inner pride

That he used in one act
Of terrible, clean tension,
Skill of hand, the eye's
Delicate suspension?

Wanting but solid earth,
The friendly look, the bare
Hearthstone's warmth, he died
In the aloof cold air.

He did not train for death,
Practising night and negation.
By life, touch, love he turned
Athlete of resignation.

What can we say above
Ground for him gone under?
Not prayer, pity, praise,
Nor weeping, only wonder,
Only astonishment
A man of quiet name,
Dark, calm and kind, should die
In fury and in flame.

For life unplanned, light, free,
Any commemoration
In rigid stone would be
A marble mutilation.

Let us have one intent:
Grow grief in our own face
To be, in that live place,
A mobile monument.

Not that he was brave,
Left family and friend,
His was a mightier end—
A world grows from his grave

This frantic fact alone
Defies the sound for sorrow,
We walk into tomorrow
Over his breath and bone.

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BY WENDELL BERGE, ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL

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BABES IN THE WOOD. By Marion Sturges-Jones. Illustrated by B. Shermund. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 223 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

MARION STURGES-JONES'S reminiscences of a teen-age spent during the teen-age of the century is a thoroughly delightful book. It is inevitable, of course, that it must bring to mind Cornelia Otis Skinner's recollections of the same period, but "Babes in the Wood" certainly does not suffer by comparison. One never feels that Mrs. Sturgis-Jones stretches a point to be funny, or verges on the burlesque. Her heart is equally light and gay, but it is her own heart, and she and her mother emerge from these pages as completely engaging personalities, described with vividness and wit, with tenderness combined with an unsparing sense of humor.

The book takes us back to 1917-1918, when the author and her mother lived what their exceedingly conservative Montreal relatives and friends considered a shockingly Bohemian existence in a boarding house peopled by eccentrics on a shabby but perfectly respectable street in Philadelphia. Mother was an incurable romantic, stage-struck ever since she had played a minor role in a James K. Hackett performance many years before, and she never ceased thereafter to consider herself "of the Profession." Young Marion, so to speak, cut her teeth on a stage door, and was better acquainted with the drama and the great names and personalities thereof than she was with the Three R's and what her relatives believed were the proper interests for little girls. When her father died, she and Mother refused the shelter of the family, and with courage and the shield of inviolable innocence continued their "Bohemian" way of life. Mother added to their meagre resources by being a paid companion to a succession of rich old ladies, and at one time she got a really glamorous job as receptionist at the Ecole de Ballet Russe, which was conducted by one Nina Virovna who turned out, regrettably, to be not all she should have been.

Marion, after a brief and highly uncongenial career as secretary to a Presbyterian minister, head of a large net-work which controlled Sunday School missionaries, went to work for the War Department, where at the age of seventeen she found herself supervising a large staff of civilians and enlisted men. Her experiences in this position where Army personnel twice her age were, to put it mildly, astonished to find themselves managed by a Junior Miss; hers and Mother's bouts with their landlord, who also kept an antique shop and was given to shifting their furniture about without warning; their excursion to Merry Wood Manor (Kamp Kill Kare under any other name . . .); the charming of Willy with a homemade pink organdie dress; the pitfalls which in their unassailable innocence these two ladies trod lightly over without ever realizing they were there—all are recorded here with zest and gaiety and gentle nostalgia. Those of us who remember the False Armistice of 1918 will find that chapter particularly poignant.

"Babes in the Wood" has the quality of being both endearing and very funny. It is comedy of the best sort, with a little flavor of pathos, genuine and unpretentious, and it will strike a responsive chord in the breasts of many people who remember the days. Those who do not remember will, I am sure, be equally captivated. The delightful illustrations by B. Shermund add to the charm of the book.

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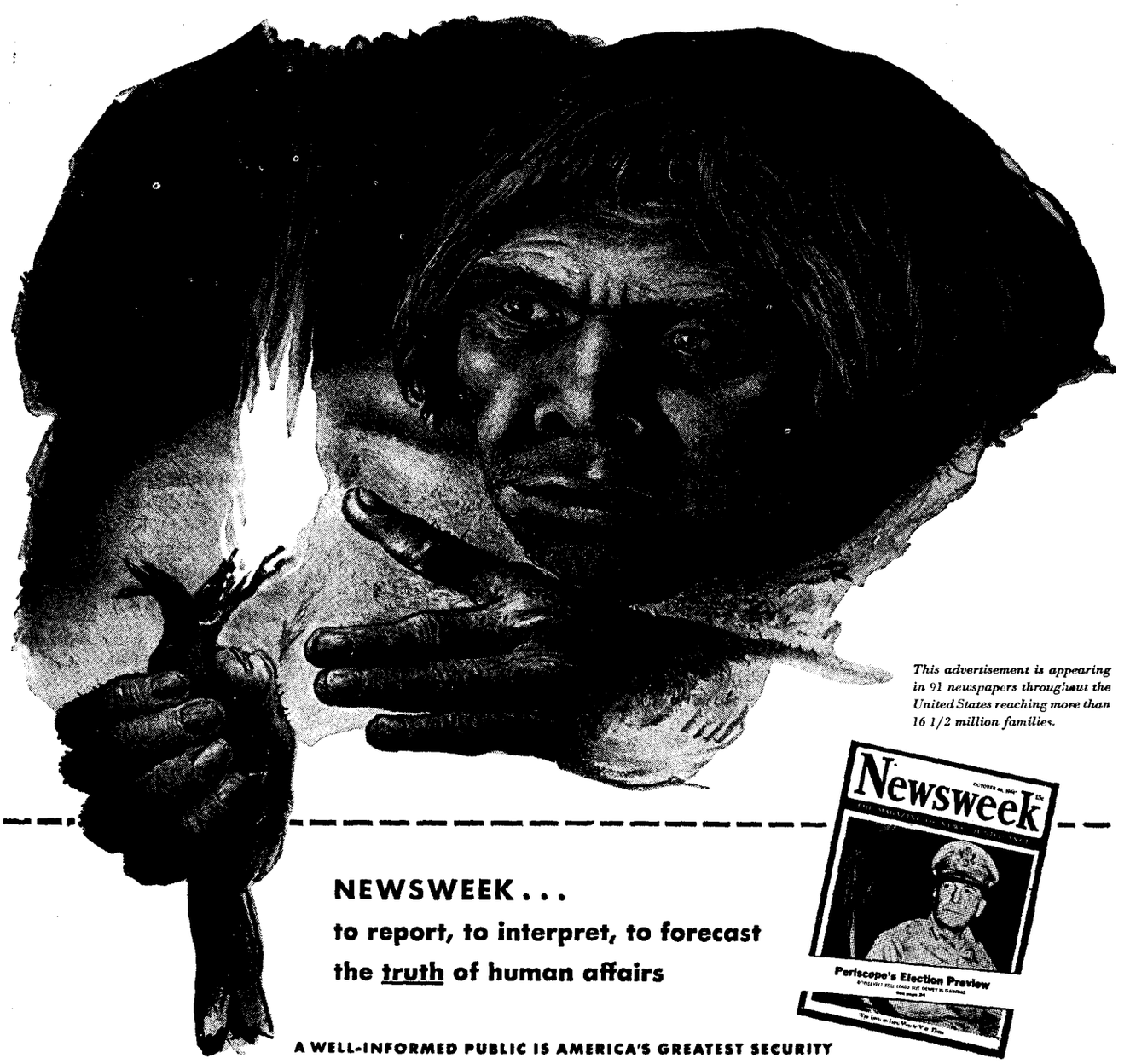

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"Open War Against Democracy"

ESCAPE VIA BERLIN. By Jose Antonio de Aguirre. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 361 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THE Basques are the people of whom John Adams said in his defense of the American Constitution: "While their neighbors have long since resigned all their pretensions into the hands of kings and priests, this extraordinary people have preserved their ancient language, genius, laws, government and manners, without innovation, longer than any other nation of Europe."

At that time the Basques, about two million people dwelling in a territory the size of Massachusetts, situated between France and Spain, lived under a system of confederation with Spain. In 1839 they were deprived of their right of self government and Basque patriots were persecuted throughout Spain. In 1931, two months after the fall of the Spanish Monarchy, the Statute of Autonomy of the Basque Nation was proclaimed. But only in 1936, after the Civil War had begun, was the Basque Autonomy granted. When liberation came, *Euzkadi,* the new Basque Republic, elected a young lawyer, Dr. Jose Antonio de Aguirre as President.

There were eleven months of bitter and bloody fighting against Franco before the small nation was crushed by Spanish and Italian soldiers. One day, on the 26th of April, 1937, the open city of Gernika was destroyed by Nazi flyers, the first wholesale slaughter of civilians from the air, in history.

Dr. de Aguirre escaped to France and lived in Paris. When Hitler's armies marched in he went to Dunkirk but there was no way for escape. Hunted by the Nazis he decided to go to—Germany, thinking he would be safer there than in Belgium or France and could get the help of friendly diplomats to aid his escape to a neutral country. As Dr. Alvarez, a Panamanian student of law, hiding behind a large mustache and horn-rimmed spectacles, he stayed five months in the German capital until South and Central American diplomats made it possible for him to leave for Sweden on a false passport. Today Dr. de Aguirre is a professor at Columbia University.

"Escape via Berlin" tells of his flight and his fears, of his encounters with enemy and friend, of terror and bloodshed and sometimes hair-raising adventures. But it is really the second part of Dr. de Aguirre's book that makes it timely and important. Here, in "Gernika's message to America," the President of the Basque Republic, by temperament a philosopher, explains the lesson he and his nation have learned. "This war is a fight to the death between two diametrically opposed conceptions of life in which the spiritual destiny of all humanity will be determined. It is a universal civil war whose fronts are so constantly shifting that they not only pit nations against each other but divide the peoples internally as well."

Dr. de Aguirre is a stout Catholic as are most of his countrymen. But he asserts that General Franco was not fighting for Christian civilization. The Basques, in repelling unjust aggression, were acting, he says, in accord with a doctrine of natural law which is also Christian. And Dr. de Aguirre asks: "How can one confuse Christian civilization with concentration camps, exile, and executions?" American public opinion was misled by fascist propaganda. The so-called Spanish Crusade was not a struggle against communism either, it was simply an outburst of hate against a democratic regime. This is why the Catholics of America—the author says—cannot side with the forces of anti-liberty, and "much less can he compromise his faith with the anti-democratic interests of the Latin Union."

Every defeat for the Allies, Dr. de Aguirre states, is looked upon by these governments as a victory for themselves; for although their belligerency against the Allies is not declared, "they are at open war against democracy."

Dr. de Aguirre's powerful plea for a sincere Catholicism which fights for liberty assumes a new importance at this time when the Spanish question has again become an international question and this country's relations with Argentina have reached a crucial point.

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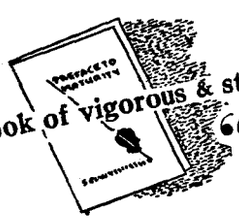

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Symbol of Strength

THE CHURCH LOOKS FORWARD. By William Temple. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 193 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE late Archbishop of Canterbury was probably the most effective religious orator of his time, so that the present collection of addresses will help to reveal the great loss to England which his death has been. Many of these are wartime radio speeches, short and plain-spoken but convincingly sincere. The reader will, however, be specially interested in the series of more carefully planned discourses which Dr. Temple devoted to the theme of the Church and contemporary society. About this he felt passionately, but he could talk without any of the righteous rancor which afflicts so many moralists. He was a conservative theologian who took the spiritual teaching of the Church quite literally. His social doctrine, on the other hand, was liberal in the finest sense of the term. The best way to describe him is, perhaps, to say that he was for twentieth-century Anglicanism the effective counterpart of what Cardinal Manning had been for the Church of Rome in England a number of generations previous.

While he was quite willing to admit, and often did, that the churchman could seldom claim the professional knowledge of economics which is required for effective discussion of such evils as unemployment and monopolistic wealth, he held that to "seek first the Kingdom of God" was wisdom because this quest alone could establish the goals which mankind should attempt to reach. These objectives did not for him have their setting in utopia. He followed the great classical thinkers of the Early Church in believing that love, the great ethical mandate of the Christian faith, must find its first expression in justice. Money, land, a stable economy were media through which justice found expression, and Dr. Temple did not fail to talk about these with realism and often with mordant vigor. Thus he said that supplying "adequate real leisure to all sections of the community" was a desirable social aim, but he added immediately that "the only difference between leisure and unemployment is whether you have some money to spend."

A good many citizens believed that an Archbishop who declared that the "profit motive" was legitimate only inside definite limits must be at least slightly heretical. Dr. Temple was

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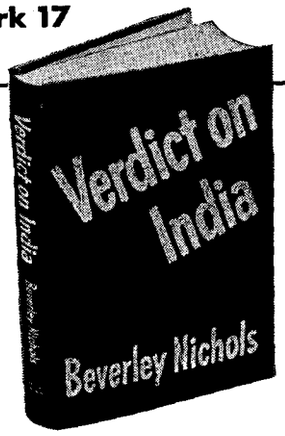

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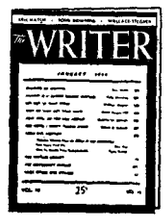
*An article by Miss Smith appears in our October issue. Coming in future issues are articles by such well-known authors as Craig Rice, Martha Albrand, Louis Paul, Alice Lent Covert, Nancy Hale, and Mabel Brown Farwell.



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never close to having an easy time of it. Yet even his foes would have conceded that he had acquired deep insight into the spiritual meaning of the Christian creed, and that his whole life manifested the earnestness with which he cherished that creed. He talked of it without cant but eloquently. Many have noted, for example, the manner in which he spoke to a cynical modern world about sexual modesty. He made it seem once more a virtue —a habit of strength—and not some sort of prudish negation. "The reason for not joking about sex is exactly the same as for not joking about the Holy Communion. It is not that the subject is nasty, but that it is sacred." Indeed, there was no subject which he did not relate to the "commission" which, it was his belief, the Church has received. He could even talk of Germans and Japanese without forgetting that he himself was a man. It is safe to say that few prelates so genuinely great have adorned the See of Canterbury during its long history. He will be sorely missed by all Christians. An an Englishman he symbolizes everything that is most admirable in England.

The Army in 1941 and 1942

OUR ARMY AT WAR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 482 Official War Department Photographs. 1944. 482 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

IN a forceful little preface General George C. Marshall characterizes this book as "a photographic record of the United States Army's first two years at war." And a heartening record it is. A sequence of 482 official War Department pictures, accompanied by a brief running commentary of text, carries the thrilling story from Pearl Harbor through our pre-invasion air victories in Europe. All the major war fronts are covered: the Pacific and Far East, the Aleutians, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and the air over Europe.

Pictures speak louder than words in "Our Army at War." The editors and Army officers who selected them have played up the real hero of the global combat, G.I. Joe. They have deëmphasized the ceremonial inspections and the solemn sessions of the high command for action shots of the ranger forcing an Algerian door, the anti-aircraft gunner bailing Italian rain out of his gunpit, the engineer slogging through Alaskan mud, and the rifleman feeling out the enemy on a New Guinea beach. They have put together a smashing good biography of the fellow who is doing the fighting—and the dying—in America's war. And a brave, tough, ingenious, quick-witted, warmhearted fellow he is.

The photographs are so admirable in their completeness and variety, their technical wizardry and emotional impact, that one is reluctant to find any fault at all with their selection. But are so many pictures of dead Japanese essential to the record? Could there not have been more than one shot of the Doolittle raiders? Would it not be historic justice to show a smart, loyal K-9 in action?

For every campaign treated in this volume there is a short introduction written by the War Department. These concise summaries, taken in connection with the staccato-rhythmed picture legends, constitute an excellent little history of our pre-invasion war effort. Four clear, detailed maps help clinch the global round-up of victory.

"Our Army at War," the publishers say, is designed to do for this generation what Brady's photographs did for the Civil War generation. It was the War Department that first got the inspiration for the compilation. They consulted with the Council on Books in Wartime, which sounded out all the publishers to see which houses would be interested in helping get the book out. The response was so enthusiastic that it was decided to choose a publisher by lot. In the drawing conducted by the Council on Books in Wartime, Harper and Brothers held the lucky number. They and the War Department rate a double salvo on the memorable and handsome result of their collaboration.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 555)

DOS PASSOS:
STATE OF THE NATION

I've lived through enough years
of shift and change by now to know
that it is not the professed aims
people are striving to achieve that
set the pattern of the future, but
the habits of behavior they take on
in the process.

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Salt on the Page

SEA DUTY and Other Stories of Naval Action. By Jacland Marmur. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1944. 168 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

MR. MARMUR is not only one of the most vivid of contemporary writers of short stories of the sea, he has had the unusual opportunity, in preparing the material in this collection, of service with several units of our farflung squadrons in the Pacific. So it is not strange that he brings to his treatment of thirteen episodes of action afloat a rare and timely gusto, which does not suffer from the crispness of his style or from observance of the necessary restrictions of the magazine formula.

It was about time someone came along to tell of the ways and speech and hardihood of the men who fight this bloodiest of sea wars on and under the waters. If you keep a close eye on much of current fiction you might easily get the idea that most of the fighting at sea is done in the skies. I have no intention to belittle the exploits of the Navy's fliers, but there is glory enough for all branches of the Service, and, personally, I'm glad Mr. Marmur elected to stay water-borne. Also, apparently, he chose to sail in the lighter elements of the fleet, which are always on the prowl and gifted with more chances of danger than the battlewagons and heavy cruisers.

You can take your pick of almost any kind of seafight under modern conditions in his taut, compact book, but speaking strictly for myself I liked best the stories which dramatized the splendid traditions of the old Navy, with its background of Annapolis and years of close comradeship—"Band of Brothers," "The Skipper's Flag," "Fisherman's Luck," "The Admiral's Deck." And for excellent treatment of the technique of navigation, the very short "Problem at Sea." In other stories, like "The Seed of Greatness" and "The Star of Sarunagi," Mr. Marmur gives the viewpoint of the enlisted men, and especially the petty officers, without whom there would be no Navy. I don't understand why he included the last story, "Victory at Jutland," which is concerned with the First World War. It doesn't tie up with the other twelve stories. Another Roosevelt named Theodore—whose favorite bed-table book was Cooper's "Two Admirals"—would have enjoyed these corking, seaworthy tales of high adventure.

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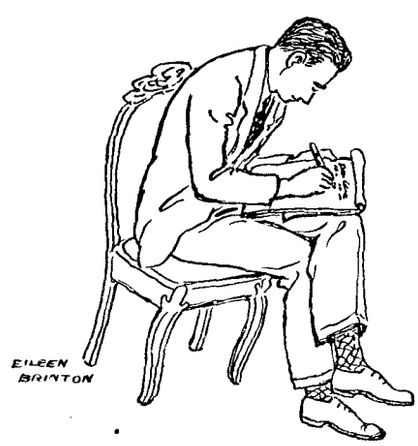
The Phoenix Nest

I DON'T know whether or not Victor S. Yarros of La Jolla, California, saw our stupendous Bernard Shaw Number of the *SRL*, but at any rate, here is a letter from him about Shaw:

> There has lately been, and very naturally, much talk about the work and career of G. B. S. Nearly all of it was conventional and distinctly misleading. Shaw has been read, played, enjoyed and admired, but, as he himself has said, he has had no influence on lawmakers, statesmen, leaders, and molders of opinion. I hope you have read Leonard Woolf's candid and timely review of Shaw's new book, announced for publication here. Shaw has failed as an educator because he has always deliberately overstated his case, has always indulged in extravagance and paradox-mongering. He has stood on his head and used cap and bells. His early work was serious and fine. He has written one of the best Fabian Essays, and that was free from clowning.
>
> But his nonsense gradually obscured and eclipsed his sense, and his attitude in the First World War, his admiration for Mussolini (who "got things done," in Shaw's words), his total blindness in respect of Russian developments, despite the Webbs' work on Soviet Communism, his silly denunciation of vivisection, not to mention other blazing absurdities, fully account for his social and intellectual sterility.
>
> Shaw did me the honor, years ago, to criticize at length, and in courteous language, an article of mine in *Liberty*, the organ of Philosophical and Pacific Anarchism. I have had one or two personal notes from him. I have read, I think, every book he has written and many of his articles on music, the drama, education. His brilliance is universally recognized, but, alas, his eccentricities and his erratic lapses into folly have grieved hosts of his judicious admirers. I hope you will find space in your columns for some keen and just remarks on Shaw by Leonard Woolf in the review published in *The New Statesman*. Let us be honest about Shaw—and intelligent. He needs no flattery.

I haven't seen Leonard Woolf's article but it sounds interesting.

Ten years ago Carl Thurston of the Esto Publishing Company in California sent me a copy of "Yale Verse" (1898-1908), compiled by Robert Moses, '09, and Carl H. P. Thurston, '09. The former we now know as our fiery Park Commissioner who has been such a boon to this our city, and who also wrote a recent full-page letter to *The Times*, as a paid political advertisement for the Republican Party, which was a wild swing. But Bob Moses is a charming and agreeable man ordinarily. In any case the Yale Publishing Association brought out this blue-clad volume in New Haven back in 1909 and some of the contributors are interesting. There you can find early efforts by R. Moses himself (he wrote of the Mona Lisa); Yours-Embarrassedly; J. H. Wallis (who is now well-known for some nine novels, two of them at least, "Once Off Guard"—now a movie also—and "The Niece of Abraham Pein" being excellent); L. Bacon (who is Leonard Bacon, now our best satiric poet); H. S. Lewis (Sinclair Lewis to you); J. N. Greely (a son of General Greely the Arctic explorer and himself now a high-ranking Army officer); W. B. Hooker (known to the world as Brian Hooker, poet and poetic dramatist); A. Updegraff (Allan Updegraff the novelist); G. H. Soule, Jr. (George Soule of *The New Republic* who has written a biography of Sidney Hillman as well as many other books about American Labor) and others. I shall not embarrass any of these eminent gentlemen by quoting any of their early efforts; but once in about ten years, as now, I like to get the book out and look at an old ballad of my own, a football poem, called "The Line Men." Even then, it seems, my sociological interest was evident as I took the part of those on the team who toiled "Down in the muck of the line." That was a "natural" to the editors of *The Yale Record* so far as my initiation went, when I was allowed to join the editorial staff. I remember I had to crawl under a bench in the office to illustrate the phrase! The ale of Hughie Reynolds imbibed on make-up night in that small basement editorial office off Berkeley Oval: life has not anything to show more fair!



Yet I can't keep my promise precisely. For here is a poem by the now Nobel Prize winner and author of "Babbitt" and "Main Street" called "When Viziers Speak." I quote the opening lines as demonstrating his independence of mind and resourcefulness even then:

Along the streets of rich Bagdad,
In gold-embroidered silks yclad,
With glittering cavalcade doth ride
The caliph Haroun Alraschide
(Alrashid's good, but Alraschide
Is just as good, and rhymes, beside.)

Frances R. Rideout of San Anselmo, California, sends me the following. I think it will be of interest to what Kipling called "the Janeites."

> Odd as it may seem to compare Sherlock Holmes and Jane Austen there are controversies about which offers the most perfect escape from present-day horrors. For me Pulteney Street is infinitely preferable to Baker Street and I heartily agree with Sheila Kaye-Smith that "You can forget a war when you are reading Jane Austen for the first time, the second time, the hundredth time; you can forget strain and sorrow and perplexity, injustice and fear. It is the loveliest of all worlds. . . ." Yes, and in listening to G. B. Stern and Sheila Kaye-Smith "Speaking of Jane Austen" we escape to its quiet shrubberies and candlelit drawing-rooms where nothing matters but savoring the charms of Anne or Marianne, of Mr. Knightley or Henry Tilney. The authors amiably expect their readers will find "many a bone to pick with us" and of course the picking is half the fun, even if with two such cooks the bones are few. Among the few is one I should dispute with Sheila Kaye-Smith, were I her match, and tell her flatly that though she hides behind her caricature of Miss Owens—I always thought the Misses Owens were "pleasant, good-humored, unaffected girls"—she goes too far when she empties a pail of water over

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 74

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.

If You Are Stuck: *The clue below the cryptogram will give you the definition of one word. Answer to No. 74 will be found in the next issue.*

BGHCFLKGCM VPGVBP MPBRGA DFEP ACLD MPZMP.

—NFBXFMFO SOFLKFZ.

—XDP FOX GQ JGOBRBU JKMRGA.

Clue: The third word means INFREQUENT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 73

FRIENDSHIP, GIFT OF HEAVEN, DELIGHT OF GREAT SOULS; FRIENDSHIP WHICH KINGS, SO DISTINGUISHED FOR INGRATITUDE, ARE UNHAPPY ENOUGH NOT TO KNOW.

—VOLTAIRE.
—LA HENRIADE.

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Edmund Bertram's head. Granting that the booby-trap, its wartime connotations yet unknown, has long been good clean fun to the British, I still can't endure this intrusion of Wodehouse into our "loveliest world." Someone will be making a "butter slide" for Mr. Darcy next. No, no; it will not do, it is not the thing. Besides, it has turned me into a violent partisan of Edmund's. Was he really such a bore, such a hopeless prig? Everyone has been saying so, always, without a voice raised in protest and now we reach the logical and lamentable climax. High time a few of Edmund's merits were trotted out for a change—after all, the charming and sophisticated Miss Crawford fell for him. Have we a champion in the house? Won't someone please speak up "In Defense of Edmund Bertram"? Yet I can't pick bones with two ladies who have laid me so deep in their debt just by speaking of Jane Austen through the whole of a delightful book. Then, too, with all Americans who know that "Mansfield Park" was partly written in the year 1812, I've had my fun when Sheila Kaye-Smith quotes Tom Bertram's remark, "A strange business this in America, Doctor Grant," confessing herself completely mystified for "Indeed what 'this strange business in America' was I have never been able to find out." It has often been said and indulgently condoned that Jane Austen knew nothing of what was happening in the world beyond her country lanes. Hark! Is that the sound of gentle laughter?

At last I have seen the musical "Oklahoma!" It certainly highly deserves all the encomia that have come its way. I hope it runs forever. It is just utterly marvelous, and the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein 2nd are merely genius.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
RACE WITH THE SUN *Granville Church* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	"Black Dragon," Japanese terror cult, kills again and again, and takes Dan Burgess on long trek before he breaks conspiracy.	California opening of yarn gives mysterious send-off, but major, and best, part of action takes place in China.	Average
DEATH DEFIES THE DOCTOR *Denis Muir* (Phoenix Press: $2.)	Successive deaths on New Guinea plantation almost extinguish quarrelsome clan. Surviving relative spots killer just in time.	Various methods, crude and clever, dispose of fighting Forresters, and spot of supernatural enlivens proceedings. Payoff rather expected.	Run-of-mill
CRY MURDER *Edith Howie* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	Actress strangled in Midwestern university town. Husband she deserted and other old associates involved in crime solved by brace of sleuths.	Satisfactorily told and competently plotted yarn which runs according to Hoyle and deals out justice to party that well deserves it.	Entertaining
THIRTY DAYS TO LIVE *Anthony Gilbert* (A. S. Barnes: $2.)	Accidental death of miserly Englishman gives his estate to distant relative—under strange and sinister proviso, which mightily interests Arthur Crook.	Sundry attempts to kill spinster heiress before she can collect estate cleared up in Mr. Crook's highly individual and effective fashion.	Good
THE CAT'S WHISKER *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Deaths of man and woman near American camp in English country-side give Reggie Fortune a tricky case.	Mr. Fortune and Lomas of C.I.D. rib each other pleasantly and work together successfully in slightly over-stuffed tale.	Good Fortune
DARKNESS OF SLUMBER *Rosemary Kutak* (Lippincott: $2.)	Hospital for mental diseases loses patient by murder-route. Young doctor tracks killer and saves reputation.	Engrossing mixture of psychiatry, murder, and political intrigue—the latter quite dull, and other ingredients extremely well handled.	First class!
EVEN JERICHO *Warner Hall* (Macrae Smith: $2.50)	Strange visitors to Alaskan town in days preceding Jap attack make copious trouble before spy ring is busted.	Adequately exciting espionage opus, with pleasant romance on side, interesting background, and believable characters.	Good thriller

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STRICTLY PERSONAL

(*Continued from page* 15)

bear a permissible *double entendre,* or give him a chance to lighten the day's load, or actually do something which at a stroke is so clever, creative, or even great and poetic as to make the struggle worth while after all.

Classic example is the following, written upon acceptance by Sir William A. Craigie of Scotland of the commission to supervise compilation of "A Dictionary of American English" at the University of Chicago:

MIDWAY SIGNS
LIMEY PROF TO
DOPE YANK TALK

And then there was the time when Victor Moore, playing the part of Vice President Throttlebottom in the musical show "Of Thee I Sing," had a perilous stellar role in the capsizing of his boat in Eastern coastal waters. This was the story's caption:

BOAT'S BOTTOM
NEARLY THROTTLES
THROTTLEBOTTOM

The legend "Biggest Pipe by a Dam Site" appeared over a picture of the largest piece of concrete tubing ever poured, lying alongside the place where a dam was to be built. Indeed, photographs offer some of the best escapist opportunities. Witness the case in which, over a picture of Charlie Chaplin and his quondam beloved, reunited in California, there ran this line:

BACK TO HIS LITA GREY
HOME IN THE WEST

Most enchanting of all was the headline written in the East on a story from the West when a bear chased a hunter up a tree, snagging his trousers in the process. This story was given to a young copyreader now an officer in the Navy. He chewed his pencil, pulled on his eyebrows, loosened his necktie a bit, and slashed with a 5B pencil upon a piece of copy paper these words:

TREED MINUS PANTS
WITH BEAR BEHIND

This work of art was the sensation of the office, the town, and the nation. The managing editor, discovering it buried with the story on the market page in the first edition, ordered it out on page one in the next edition, to stay there throughout all successive six editions. Townspeople wrote letters, wanting to meet the author. And *Time,* delighted, carried the six words as Headline of the Week that Friday.

So much for an example of what Delbert Clark, formerly head of the copy desk of *The Baltimore Evening Sun* and more recently *The New York Times* Washington bureau, calls intestinal humor. One other example, though, this time perhaps apochryphal. In this last, the newspaper took a backhanded slap at a foe in news columns supposedly open only to factual reporting. It was said that Herbert Hoover, then President, went to San Antonio as guest of the city for ceremonies attendant upon start of construction of a new Federal building. Here, in deep Democratic territory, he was wined and dined and feted, just as if he were a Democrat himself.

It was next day, in the morning paper, that the pay-off came, with this headline:

HOOVER EATS TURKEY
AND LAYS CORNERSTONE

Which was so good that even the socially-conscious editor was busy with something else when his opportunity to kill it off page one arose an hour later.

KEEN RAFFERTY.

PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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Hasn't brought back my umbrellow,
I hope he bet on Governor Dewey
Whoever lifted my paraplewey!
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The Crostics Club

THE other day I dropped into the Children's Room of the N. Y. City Public Library for a chat with Mary Gould Davis about some material I wanted for Series 18. M. G. D. and her sister Pearl were among my very first supporters, introduced to me at a pleasant luncheon by Emily Street (Wm. Morrow & Co.) who had been responsible for acquainting me with the *SRL* as possible publishers of my DCs. "What a brlliant group of DCers you have," began Mary, "the cream of the country!" "Yes," I heartily agreed, "I have always reverenced them but now my reverence is mingled with fear. Why, this morning my mail-box yielded no fewer than fifteen aggrieved protests at errors in No. 553, as if I had intentionally deceived our puzzlers. As a matter of fact, the errors were a combination of printers' errors and failure to correct them by a changed office staff in charge of that phase of the *SRL*. The protests ranged from mention of a 'scramble' which the writer rather enjoyed and hoped I'd repeat, to the return of the puzzle from its covers with a demand that I correct it for her since she disliked inaccurate DCs. Such errors trouble us more than they do you. Hence it was a bit consoling to read in the first paragraph of 'The Topics of the Times' next day the following, in a great newspaper with a large, available staff for constant check-up:

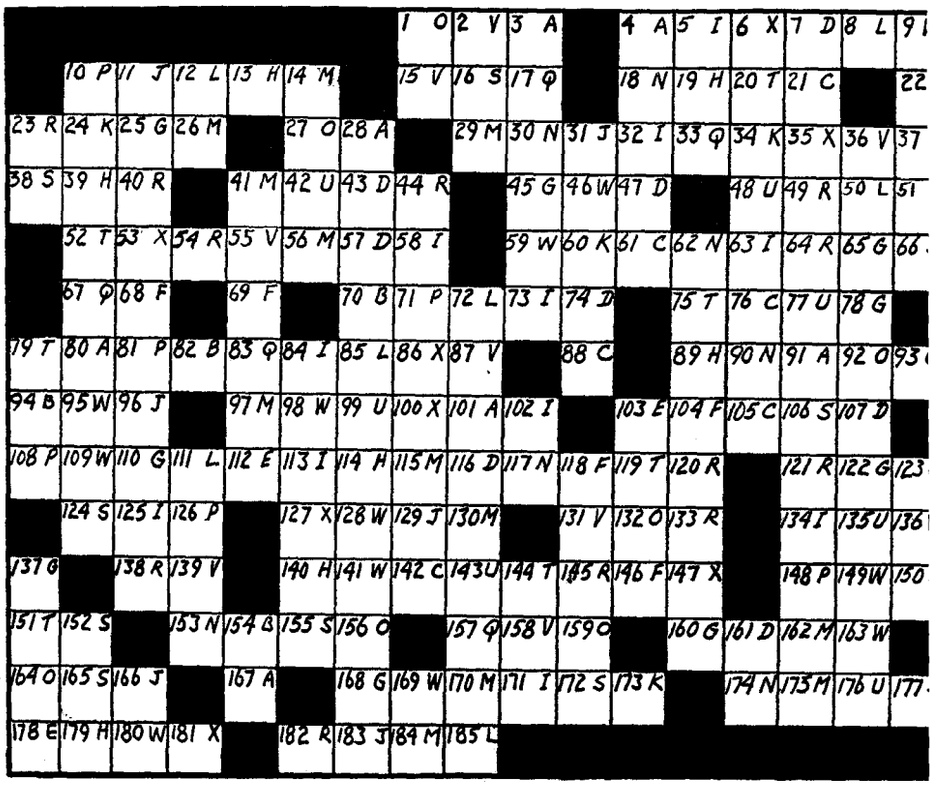
"Reference here is to the budget of errors which so regularly accumulates in these paragraphs in the course of time, and not such a very long time either. Often we succeed with a single stroke of the pen in eliciting a little flood of corrections which we are glad to acknowledge."

I've been surprised not to receive more protests about the liberty I took in the Eugene Field DC, changing "a *nice* hot plate" to "a *good* hot plate" to get a *g* for a quotation I did not want to discard for lack of it. When I sent the DC to the *SRL* some time before, I had, of course, noted the change, and you were told of it in the answer. Only one DCer did write about it (before he received the answer), cantankerously questioning my DC ethics, granted that I had any. That sort of criticism I think unworthy of our DC Club fraternity. Otherwise, as a rule, your comments give me food for thought and material for this column, and I do welcome them.

Did you notice that the review of Brogan's "The American Character" in *The N. Y. Times Book Review* of Oct. 22 was written by James G. Leyburn, Associate Professor of Sociology at Yale?

E. S. K.

P.S. Since writing the above a horde of letters received about the No. 553 mistakes have just about doubled me up with laughter. 'Twas worth it all! More from them hereafter in this column. You *are* good sports!



Double-Crostics: No. 556

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 28 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Hooked or curved like a sickle.

B. Anunnaki (Babylon. Relig.)

C. Fetish for worship among Mexican and Central American Indians.

D. Small arboreal parrot of Australasia.

E. Weird; uncanny.

F. River in Mexico, into Gulf of Calif. (420 miles long).

G. Differential thermometer for measuring intensity of radiation (Physics).

H. Restraint of the person; imprisonment.

I. To rouse oneself and attack (4 wds.)

J. American Metropolitan Opera-House singer (1859-1914).

K. The mind or reason (Philos.)

L. Foremost painter of Castilian School in sixteenth century (1548(?)-1625).

M. Famous short story by Kipling (4 wds.)

N. Irish-American conductor and composer (1859-1924).

O. Flowerlike.

P. A blow on the head (Slang).

Q. Abyssinian mountain wolf *(Canis simensis)*.

R. To bear up under trials and difficulties (Slang; 3 wds.)

S. Flattering; deceitful.

T. Little by little; gradually.

U. British prince who invited in the Saxons to repel the Scots and Picts (fl. 450).

V. Partnership; a sharing (Slang; 2 wds.)

W. One of the mob disturbances in London, 1780, known also as "the Gordon—" (3 wds.)

X. More ravenous or avaricious.

WORDS

28 80 91 101 167 4 3

150 82 154 70 94

142 88 61 105 76 21

107 161 43 116 7 47 57 74

51 103 112 178

68 69 104 146 118

160 78 137 45 25 168 122 110 65

13 114 89 179 39 140 19

5 134 73 32 58 84 63 113 125 102 171

96 183 66 166 11 129 31

173 60 24 34

8 185 85 12 72 50 111

29 130 26 170 97 115 41 56 162 184 175

30 62 18 174 90 153 117

164 132 1 156 27 92 159

81 108 148 10 126 71

33 157 67 17 123 83

120 54 23 145 133 138 64 44 40 49 121

152 165 106 124 16 172 177 38 155

144 151 22 52 75 119 20 79

37 135 176 143 99 93 42 48 77

36 158 55 131 2 139 136 15 87

46 169 98 95 109 149 163 9 180 128 141

35 127 86 100 181 53 147 6

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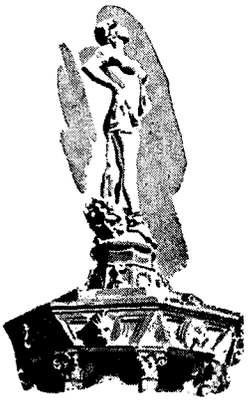

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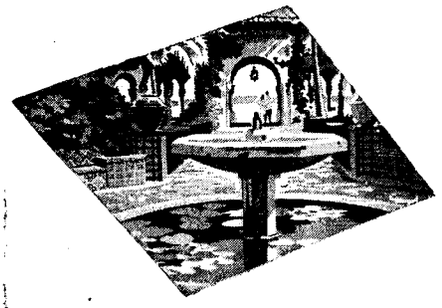

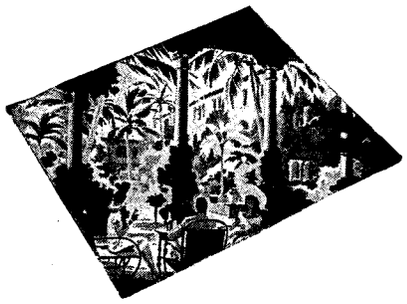

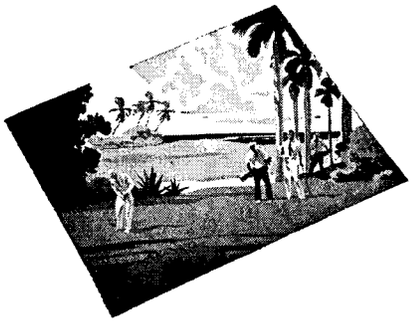

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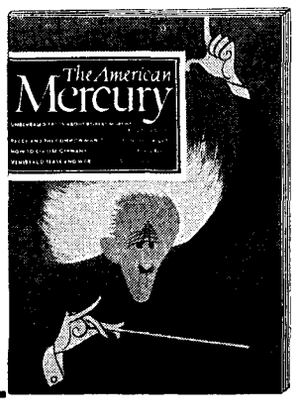

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Also: *The Truth About Sister Kenny; The Editorial Cartoon; An Influenza Vaccine That Works; The Argentine People; My Brother Who Talked with Horses; On Misusing Words; Venereal Disease and War; Jumping Frog Jubilee.*

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